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des
älteren Englischen Dramas**

Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas

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LONDON
DAVID NUTT

1907

ANTHONY BREWER'S
THE LOVE-SICK KING

EDITED

FROM THE QUARTO OF 1655

BY

A. E. H. Swaen.

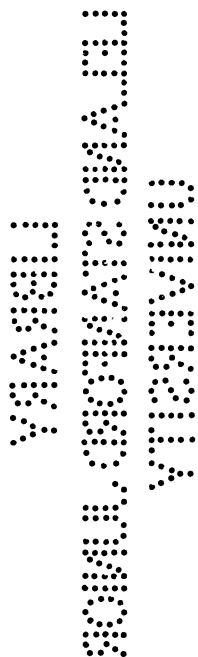
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INTRODUCTION.

§ 1 TEXT. The present edition is printed from a copy in the Royal Library at The Hague. Before it was acquired for this collection it belonged to Frederic Perkins Esq. of Chipstead Place, Kent, whose bookplate is on the inside of the cover, and it formed part of the Bridgewater Library as is evident from a printed notice at the foot of the list of Dramatis Personae. The copy is a good one except that the binder has cut off too much at the lower edge, in consequence of which piece of Vandalism some words have become indistinct and others have been clipped off altogether. Dr. B. A. P. van Dam has kindly written out for me the bottom lines of every page from the copy in the British Museum (644 b. 4), which, wherever this was necessary, I have printed enclosed in square brackets. Unfortunately, however, that copy has also suffered slightly at the hands of the bookbinder. Of « A 3 usurper » only the tops are visible. Of « B from », entire in the copy I have used, only the greater part of « B » and the top of the « f » of « from » have been spared. Only the tops of « Har » on B^v have escaped destruction. « B 2 mous » wants the lower part of the letters. « B 3 under » is so indistinct that Dr. van Dam reads « A 3 ». I have printed « B 3 » with the addition of a mark of interrogation ; of course the possibility of a misprint in the signature is not excluded, but where in one copy this signature is entirely wanting and in the other has dwindled down to little more than a dot I thought it safest to retain the B. The catchword on B 3^v seems to be « Thorn » in the British Museum copy but may be « Thor. » as the name is sometimes written, e. g. F 2. The period after « Alu » on C 2^v is very indistinct. « ward » on D 3^v is entirely wanting in either copy. There is only a slight trace of G in the British Museum copy, and the catchword is wanting in both.

On the whole the text is a good one, the number of misprints not being very great. The original has been scrupulously followed in all details, except that a modern s has been printed instead of the old-fashioned long f. At the end of this Introduction the reader will find a list of all the misprints occurring in the original except such as for some reason or other are mentioned in the notes.

The lines agree in every respect with the original. The stage directions are as much as possible in the same place as in the original. In the case of the catchwords this was not always easy as the old printers did not scruple to make a line project beyond the preceding ones; thus, in the original, « who » at the bottom of A 3^r stands more to the right by its own breadth. For the rest I refer the reader to pp. xviii and xix of Mr. R. B. McKerrow's edition of *The Devil's Charter* (*Materialien* VI) : what is said there virtually applies to every reprint of an old text. — The utmost care has been bestowed upon the correction of the proofsheets. The revises have been read by two of my colleagues whom I here thank for their help.

§ 2 DATE AND AUTHOR. The play was printed in 1655 and revived at the King's Theatre in 1680. In the course of the same year it is said to have been reprinted under the title of *The Perjured Nun*, 4^o. I have never seen this play and have not succeeded in my attempts to discover a copy. Neither in the library of the British Museum nor in the Bodleian is there a copy of it.

The Lovesick King was included by Chetwood in his *Select Collection of Old Plays* (Dublin, 1750). Kirkman, Baker, and Halliwell have identified Anth. Brewer with the T. B. (supposed to stand for Tony Brewer !) whose name is on title-page of *The Country Girl* (1647, 4^o), a play of much higher standard than *The Lovesick King*, and who may be identical with Thomas Brewer. Owing to a wrong interpretation of the blanks in Kirkman's *Catalogue, Lingua* has long been ascribed to Brewer. *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* has also been ascribed to our author, owing to a mixing up of the names of Anthony and Thomas Brewer, and of the title of the play with that of Thomas Brewer's prose tract « *The Merry Devil* ». These particulars, which I owe to the *Dictionary of National Biography* is about all that we know both of the play and the writer (*). Thus much only is certain that Brewer must have been well acquainted with the local history of Newcastle : he knew not only the half authentic half legendary history of Thornton but also the local proverb connected with his name. Of course this need not necessarily point to his being a native of Newcastle, but it makes it very probable that he resided there for some time. Moreover, the interest of the play is so local that one cannot help thinking that it must have been written for a Newcastle audience. Unfortunately we are here

*) Cp. Halliwell, *A Dict. of Old English Plays*, 1860, p. 154. — W. Carew Hazlitt, *A Manual for the Collector and Amateur of Old English Plays*, 1892, p. 141. — Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, 1899, III. 174, 175.

transgressing on the domain of guesses. Mr. Richard Welford, the well-known antiquary of Newcastle, author « *Men of Mark 'twixt Tyne and Tweed* » informs me that after a diligent search he has utterly failed to find any trace of the name of Ant. Brewer. In a reply in *Notes and Queries* 10th S. ii. 468 he says that he has found no record of our play.

As regards the date at which the play was written we are utterly in the dark : the only thing we can say is that it must have been written long before it was printed, but nothing in the play gives us any certain clue to the year.

Whether the play on « Canute » mentioned by Henslowe in 1597 has any connection with our play is, to say the least of it, doubtful (*). In Mr. Greg's new edition of the *Diary* the entry is as follows :

the xi of octobre begane my lord admerals & my lord of penbrockes men to playe at my howsse 1579.

			tt at hardwute	00	16	00-00-1
	31	ne	tt at fryer spendelton	02	00	00-014-00
October		2	tt at burbon	00	16	30-12-00
November 1597		3	tt at knewtvs	00	10	00-14-00

A note is attached to this passage, saying : « hardwute (C. Hardacute) The word is smudged and rather illegible. It might possibly be hardcvnte, but I do not think it is ». (C. = Collier.) Collier in his edition of 1845 reads « Hardacute » and adds in a note : « Ought we not to read Hardiknute ? Afterwards we have Knewtus for Canutus, meaning, no doubt, the same drama » (p. 91). It is on the face of it not very likely that within the course of a month two different plays with a Danish usurper for subjects should have been staged. If Brewer's play is a Newcastle production, and if the names of Osric and Hoffman are taken from *Hamlet* and *Hoffman* (v. *infra*) Henslowe's « Knewtvs » can have no connection with our play. In Collier's edition of the *Diary* there is on p. 276 « A Note of all suche bookes as belong to the Stocke, and such as I have bought since the 3^d of March 1598 » — among which is « Hardicanewtes. » There is no reason why our play should be referred to as « Hardicanutus », which name is only mentioned casually in the last Act (*Hardiknute* l. 1842¹).

Mr. Fleay (*Chronicles of the English Drama* II, p. 34) says : *The Lovesick King* was not, I think, acted at London, but at Newcastle. In II, 1. « Is he not one of those players of interludes that dwells at Newcastle ? » « If there be any Helicon in England, 'tis here at

*) v. Felix E. Schelling, *The English Chronicle Play*, 1902, p. 169.

VIII

Newcastle?» In III. 1; V. 3, Newcastle sea-coals are preferred to Croydon charcoals. In II. 1 Monday, the playwright, is alluded to : « What day is this? O, Monday, I shall love Monday's vein to poetize as long as I live. » Cf. Jonson, *The Case is Altered*, 1598, I. 1, where Antonio Balladino (Monday) says, « An' they'll give me twenty pounds a play, I'll not raise my vein. » Grim the Collier is one of the characters. Haughton's play of that name dates March 1600. Heywood's *How to learn of a woman to woo* (acted at Court 1605, and of course earlier in public) seems to be alluded to at the end of Act I and in Act II. All these indicate a date of c.1604. The names of the characters, Grim, Osric, Hoffman, Randal, Canutus, etc. seem to be taken from Admiral's men's plays of 1597-1603». Unfortunately Mr. Fleay does not quote the exact lines said to contain an allusion to Heywood's play nor does he give his reasons for seeing at all an allusion in them. Moreover, it is rather difficult to see how there can be allusions in our play to a non-extant drama : *How to learn of a woman to woo* is lost. Mr. Fleay, *History of the Stage* p. 412, however, thinks it may be the same play as *The Wise Woman of Hogsdon*, which was not printed till 1638, but probably acted many years earlier (Ward, II 574.)

The year in which *Grim the Collier* was printed can be of little assistance in determining the date of our play as there is nothing to prove that Brewer took his Grim from that play, the character appearing on the stage as early as 1571, and *Tom Collier* as early as 1568. The name of Hoffman may have been taken from Chettle's play of that name, mentioned by Henslowe in 1602. This would fix the downward limit. Similarly the name of Osric may have been suggested by Hamlet, which goes back to about the same time. It would seem far from unlikely that these names should have been taken from two plays which bear so much resemblance to each other *), and which, no doubt, attracted much attention at the time. As a playwright would hardly take names from old plays but rather from such as he had recently read or seen, and had become popular with the playgoing public, Mr. Fleay's hypothesis seems to be corroborated by the probable origin of the two names. The name of Osric may also have been suggested by one of Thomas Heywood's lost dramas perhaps written in collaboration with Wentworth

*) After very carefully examining the numerous points of agreement Ackermann (in his edition of *Hoffman*, 1894) says : aus allem scheint mit Evidenz hervorzugehen dass das Drama als Gegenstück zu Shakespeare's Hamlet von Chettle für das Rose Theatre in Southwark geschrieben wurde. (p. xxii.)

Smith *, mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary* under 20 September 1602 (p. 181). « Lent vnto the companye the 20 of septmber 1602 to paye vnto m^r smythe in pte of payment of (of) a Boocke called marshalle oserecke some of { iij^l. » On the 30th of September 1602 Henslowe paid three pounds : vnto Thomas hewode in fulle payment for his Boocke of oserecke. » (p. 182), while on the 3rd of November there is again mention of the play of « oserocke. » It will be noted that this play also belongs to the year 1602. — Perhaps we may trace the influence of Macbeth in the name of Malcolm, and in l. 648 a reference to Macbeth II, 3. 17 : *They say a Taylor burnt his goose*. This would fix the downward limit at 1605. The part played by the Scotch in our play may be attributable to a wish to please king James. Especially the words at the close of the play (ll. 1967-1975) are very important in this connection and would seem to point to 1603 or the years immediately following it. No undue importance should be attached to the fact that our play contains four lines of a song that also occur in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* : such songs were common property. That Brewer knew his Shakespeare is evident from the quotation from *Venus and Adonis* : 'Death's ebon dart' (l. 317)

An additional reason for assigning the play to 1605, or at least to a not much later date, may be found in another circumstance. In that year a play *The History of Richard Whittington* was entered in the Register of the Stationers' Company **. As the title shows it was written to glorify the deeds of Whittington. There is a certain amount of similarity between the lives and fortunes of Thornton and Whittington : both came poor to a big town ; both made their fortunes in an unexpected manner ; both were munificent ; both became mayor of the town where they had prospered ; Whittington married his master's daughter, Thornton his master's widow. It should seem by no means unlikely that Brewer, partly in imitation of, partly in rivalry of the play commemorating the London hero, wrote a play commemorating a Newcastle hero.

§ 3 SOURCES. The present play falls under Prof. Schelling's headings of « pseudo-history and folk-lore ***) », and of « biographical

*) v. Ward II 607.

**) 8 february (1605) Thomas Pavyer. Entred for his copy vnder th[e] handes of the Wardens. « *The history of Richard Whittington of his lowe byrthe. his great fortune* » as yt was plaied by the prynces seruantes. . . vjd. (Arber's *Transcript*, III. 282). On the 16 July of the same year a ballad was entered « called. *The vertuous Lyfe and memorable Death of Sir Richard Whittington mercer sometymes Lord Maiour of the honorable Citie of London*. » (*ibid.* III 296.)

***) v. Felix E. Schelling, *The English Chronicle Play*, 1902. p. 277.

chronicle play *) ». As regards the pseudo-historical part, nothing is known of any amour between Canute and a nun « Cartesmunda »; no reference is made to it in the lengthy article on the Danish King in the *Dictionary of National Biography* **). Perhaps the author was thinking of the intrigue between King Edgar and the nun of Wilton, Wulfthryth, to which reference is made in *Grim the Collier* I, 2:

Is not that Dunstan he who check'd the king
About his privy dealing with the nun,
And made him to do penance for the fault ?

Langbaine, *English Dramatick Poets*, Oxford 1691, p. 31 says : The Historical part of the Plot is founded on the Invasion of the Danes, in the Reign of K. *Ethelred*, and *Alfred* ; which the Author calls *Etheldred* and *Alured*. See the Writers of English Affairs, as *Polydore* (,) *Vergil*, *Mathæus Westmonasteriens. Gul. Malmsburiensis, Ingulfus, Ranulphus Higden, Du Chesne, Speed, &c.* ». In none of these chronicles is there even the slightest reference to a story similar to that of Canute and Cartesmunda in our play : they one and all give a more or less detailed account of Canute's conquest and reign but are silent on this particular point. The name *Cartesmunda* Brewer may, however, have taken from J. Speed, *The Historie of Great Britaine vnder the Conquests of the Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normans*, London, 1632. In 27, 2 he mentions *Cartismandua* (faithlesse Cartismandua) as « Queene of the Brigantes » in the time of Caesar ; and in 34, 12 he gives the following account of her faithlessness : *Venutius*, a famous King of the *Brigantes*, and husband to *Cartismandua* (a woman of an high and noble lineage, but of a base and vnsatisfied lust) finding his bed abused by *Vellocatus* his servant and harnesse-bearer, raised his power against her, and her paramour. With him sided his *Brigantes*, and the neighbour countries adioyning, whose good will went generally with the lawfull husband, fearing the

*) *ibid.* p. 220.

**) The Rev. Wm. Hunt, author of the article on Canute in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, to whom I applied for information, courteously writes : « There is no historical ground for the story, nor have I met with anything like it, so far as Canute is concerned, in any later writer ». I am glad to say that my kind correspondent makes the same conjecture as to the origin of the story as I have made above. After mentioning Edgar's marriage with Elfrida and his intrigue with the « veiled lady » (*Dict. Nat. Biogr.* Vol. xvi, 368) he goes on to say : « They became famous ; for they are told by William of Malmesbury.—Brewer may well have read them in a history of his own time and have transferred such parts as he wanted for the purpose of his plot.—Canute and Winchester would of course have been better names for a playwright to use than the less known ones Edgar and Wilton. »

ambitious authority of a lustfull woman. With her went the *Romans*, at the command of *Didius* their *Deputy* : and these striking battell won the day : yet so as the warre continued to the *Romans*, the kingdome to *Venutius*, and the infamy with *Cartismandua*, both for betraying the pledge of her trust reposed by *Caractacus* in his distresse, & her truth to *Venutius* her noble Lord and husband : preferring the licentious pleasures of a vassall before the bed of chaste mariage, or the nuptiall embracements of a worthy King, and hath to ages following left her name noted with the scarres of infamy, that time nor continuance shall euer weare away. » No doubt this account is based upon Tacitus, *Annales* 12, 36 ; Ipse, ut ferme intuta sunt adversa, cum fidem *Cartimandus* (var. *Cartimanduae*), reginae Brigantium, petivisset, vinctus ac victoribus traditus est, nono post anno quam bellum in Britannia coepit. And again 40 : Post captum Caractacum praecipuus scientia rei militaris Venutius, e Brigantum civitate, ut supra memoravi, fidusque diu et Romanis armis defensus, cum Cartimandua (— dum *cod.*) reginam matrimonio teneret ; — callidisque Cartimandua (Cartimannus *cod.*) artibus fratrem ac propinquos Venutii interceptit. 3, 45 : in Cartismandua reginam. — Cartimandua Brigantibus imperitabat. — In extremum discrimen Cartimandua adduxit. — Holder, *Alt-Celtischer Sprachschatz*, Leipzig, 1896, p. 817, 8 says : *Carti-mandūā* mit variante *Cartis-mandūā* (s-stamm in composition, cf. *Atis-mara*, *Civis-marus* (?), *Ratis-bona* ; oder ist nach Brugmann hinter dem s- ein vocal geschwunden, cf. gen. *Viscari* aus * *Visu-cari* ?), « curruum copiam habens » ? Zu Καρτιμανδῶ cf. *Mandy*-essedum ; nach d'Arbois de Jubainville « la fille de celui qui veille sur un objet appelé « *carti-s* », *Carti*- peut-être une variante de *Cqrto*- dans *Carto-briga*, *Carto-val*, cf. *Eporedi-rix* et *Eporedorix* » ; F. name einer Königin der Brigantes in Brittanien, a. 50-69 p. Chr. — Nothing is known about a nun of this name at Winchester. No mention is made of a nun Cartesmunda in : Tanner, *Notitia Monastica*, 1787 ; or in : *An ancient MS. of the 8th or 9th c. formerly belonging to St Mary's Abbey, or Nunnaminster, Winchester* ; edited by W. de Gray Birch, 1889. The Abbey of St Mary, Winchester, was destroyed in 1114 in the war between Stephen and the Empress Maud (v. Dugdale, *Monasticon Anglicanum* II 452, 1846). No register of the Abbey is in existence. (ibid. 453.) No information on this subject is to be found in *A Description of Winchester*, 1760.

Erkinwald is an historical name, having been borne by a bishop of London in the 7th century.

As has been said *The Love-sick King* is also a « biographical chronicle play » with Thornton for its hero.

Thornton is an historical personage. The following particulars concerning him I owe to the kindness of the Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and of Mr. R. Oliver Heslop, secretary of The Society of Antiquaries of that town. « Roger Thornton came to Newcastle as a youth in the latter part of the 14th century and was understood to be in very poor circumstances. He is mentioned in the local annals in 1394 as a shipowner ; in 1397 he was one of the Bailiffs of Newcastle. When Henry IV came to the throne Thornton was elected a member of Parliament for Newcastle, and he obtained from the King in 1400 the separation of Newcastle from the County of Northumberland, and, grateful for his services in this matter, Newcastle elected Thornton the first Mayor *under the new régime*. (Thornton was *not* the first mayor of Newcastle.) Thornton was elected Mayor of Newcastle eight times. He became a very wealthy man, and Leyland described him as « wonderful rich » and « the richest merchant that ever was dwelling in Newcastle. » Thornton died in Newcastle in 1430, and was buried in All Saints Church, and over his grave was erected an altar-tomb, inlaid with a mounted brass of French workmanship. This brass is still existing in All Saints Church, and is regarded as the Medieval treasure of the City. »

« A traditional couplet, once current here, records the fact that :

At the Westgate came Thornton in,

With a hap, a ha'penny and a lambskin.

This is usually interpreted as an allusion to the poor condition in which Thornton entered the town and began the career of Merchant Adventurer in which he subsequently amassed great wealth. But this popularly received view has been questioned. A very ancient proverb runs : « Hap and a halfpenny are world's gear enough. » Thornton came it is alleged, furnished not only with the necessities of life i. e. « hap » (clothing) and a halfpenny, but with a lambskin (or purse) besides. And it is stated that his family was one of standing in the county. — Thornton's rise to great wealth induced jealousy. This became manifest in disparagement of his origin and a belief in questionable means adopted in acquiring his wealth. »

Thus truth and untruth are mixed : Thornton who flourished under Henry IV is represented as living in the reign of Canute ; Canute who was victorious and reigned over England till his death in 1035 is represented as being defeated by Alfred, who died in 901 !

In one respect the Thornton plot is important : it adds great force to Mr. Fleay's contention that *The Lovesick King* was acted, or at all events first acted, in Newcastle. The play was sure to appeal to the local pride in a man of Thornton's fame and importance.

Grim the Collier is a favourite figure in the older drama. In Hazlitt's *Dodsley* there are three plays in which a collier appears on the stage :

In the « *Enterlude Intituled Like wil to like quod the Deuel to the Colier* » by Vlpian Fulwel 1568, Tom Collier is one of the minor characters, his part being limited to a dialogue with Nichol Newfangle and Lucifer, crowned by a dance and a song to the tune of *Tom Collier of Croydon hath sold his coals*. (Hazlitt's *Dodsley* III.)

In *Damon and Pithias* (Rich. Edwards, 1571) Grim the Collier suddenly appears at the Court of Dionysius the tyrant to bring coals for the « King's mouth. » He falls into the hands of Will and Jack, two lackeys who make a fool of him and pick his purse. As in the former play the connection with the rest of the drama is of the slightest. (*ib.* IV.)

In *Grim the Collier of Croydon ; or, The Devil and his Dame : with the Devil and Saint Dunstan*. By I. T. Grim though giving his name to the play can hardly be said to be the hero of the comedy though the part he plays in it is far more important than that which he plays in the two preceding ones. He is a kind, simple-hearted fellow over head and ears in love with Joan, an eagerly contested rural beauty, whom, assisted in this by Robin Goodfellow, he triumphantly leads to the altar. Grim is a male prototype of Mrs. Malaprop. (*ib.* VIII ; first printed in 1662 but probably written about 1600.)

Nothing in these three plays points to direct imitation by Brewer. He merely took the collier from the older drama generally, as a popular personage who, by his naive talk and foolish quips was sure to please an audience who were « tickled o' the sere. » The adaptation of the story of Edgar and Wulfthryth would point to Brewer's taking the character of Grim from *Grim the Collier*.

§ 4. METRE. The reader will at once notice that nearly all the verse has been printed as prose. It was, of course, altogether impossible to indicate throughout how the lines ought to be read : only in some cases I have given a hint in the notes, or printed the verse there as I think it ought to be read. Without going into excesses the book of Dr. van Dam and Dr. Stoffel will frequently enable the student to reduce disorder to order. The metre reminds us of Fletcher's : we often find short and long lines varying the regular length of the pentameter.

§ 5. THE PLAY OF 1750. The changes in this play are utterly unimportant : to insert them in the notes would be to burden this

XIV

book with valueless matter. In order to enable the reader to form an opinion of the alterations made by the publisher I subjoin a small number of the most striking variants.

- l. 59 *added* : countrymen.
- l. 60 *changed* : for fight.
- ll. 110,1 *changed* : Haste & summon all thy friends in Norfolk.
- l. 115 *changed* : journey's long.
- ll. 258,9 *changed* : this realm is ours by conquest.
- ll. 1114,5 *changed* : Sir, & wish you health ; for you have wealth
enough to make you happy.

§ 6. LITERARY VALUE. Little need be said with regard to the literary value of the play. It is interesting on account of its threefold plot : historical-biographical (Thornton) ; pseudo-historical (Canutus) ; legendary (Grim the Collier). Aesthetic value it has none.

Groningen, 1907.

A. E. H. SWAEN.

MISPRINTS IN THE ORIGINAL TEXT.

- l. 13. No stop between 1 and captain.
- l. 21. Walcolme.
- l. 27. No period after *Goodgift*.
- l. 50. *Ethelred*.
- l. 140. *Elkinwald*.
- l. 232. peirce.
- l. 348. *Manet*.
- l. 434. *a A* Lambs-skin.
Thorneton.
- l. 612. inteat.
- l. 617. Ist't.
- l. 658. ist't.
- l. 801. *Elkinwald*.
- l. 972. rhy.
- l. 1071. *Thonton*.
- l. 1120. foget.
- l. 1300. o.
- l. 1339. you.
- l. 1404. de'.
- l. 1430. inmine.
- l. 1626. Allegaince.
- l. 1693. himhe.
- l. 1751. asto.
- l. 1809. diety.
- l. 1875. Mu sick.
summos.

Readers are requested to correct the following errors in the text :

- l. 831. There should be a mark of exclamation after *accurst*.
 - l. 1013. The period (.) after *Thornton* should be a comma (,).
 - p. 41. The signature F has dropped out.
 - p. 48. There should be no period (.) after *The Love-sick King*.
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THE
Love-sick KING,

An English
Tragical History:
WITH
The Life and Death of *Cartesmunda*,
the fair Nun of *Winchester*.

Written by *Anth. Brewer, Gent.*



LONDON,
Printed for Rob Pollard at the Ben. Jonson-head
behind the Exchange, and John Sweeting
at the Angel in Popes-head-Alley.

1655

Persons of the Play.

<i>Etheldred King of Eng-</i>	<i>The Abbot of Winchester.</i>
<i>land, slain..</i>	<i>Goodgift a Merchant of</i>
<i>Alured his Brother, after</i>	<i>Newcastle.</i>
5 <i>disguised under the name</i>	<i>Randal a Coal-Merchant, 25</i>
<i>of Eldred, and at last</i>	<i>brother to Goodgifts wife.</i>
<i>King.</i>	<i>George, Factor to Goodgift</i>
<i>Canutus King of Denmark,</i>	<i>Thornton the Pedlar.</i>
<i>the Love-sick King.</i>	<i>Grim the Collier, Servant</i>
10 <i>The King of Scotland.</i>	<i>to Randal. 30</i>
<i>Edmond Duke of Thetford</i>	<i>A Black-smith.</i>
<i>Edulf and Edell, Lords.</i>	<i>A Gold-smith.</i>
<i>1 Captain.</i>	<i>A Workman.</i>
<i>2. Captain.</i>	<i>Colliers.</i>
15 <i>Osbert the Rebel, Duke of</i>	<i>Elgina, Sister to Canutus 35</i>
<i>Mertia.</i>	<i>King of Denmark.</i>
<i>Erkinwald, and Harrold,</i>	<i>Cartesmunda the fair Nun</i>
<i>Lords of Denmark.</i>	<i>of Winchester.</i>
<i>Osrick, Hoffman, & Hul-</i>	<i>Wife to Goodgift, after his</i>
20 <i>drick, Danes,</i>	<i>widow. 40</i>
<i>Walcolme, a Scot.</i>	<i>The Scene, England.</i>

The Love Sick KING.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter King Etheldred, Alured his Brother, Edmond Duke of Thetford,
45 *Edulf, Edell Earl of Hampshire, with their Swords drawn, and*
some Souldiers wounded before them. Alarms continuing afar off.

King,

50 **O** Stay and hear me speak my noble Friends, my Subjects
and my Souldiers hear your King ; in nine set Battels
gainst the conquering *Danes* hath *Ethelred* with various
fortunes fought, to rescue you and *England* from the
spoils of War and Tyranny : Recall your spirits, this
City *Winchester* is all our strength,

And if you cease to fight, the Foe comes on,
55 With bloody rage, and sad confusion.

Cap. 1. The breach is made, the *Danes* rush ore the Walls, and like
the pent up Ocean 'bove his banks, falls from his height with roaring vio-
lence, and drowns us all in blood.

Alu. despair not quite,
60 We yet may beat 'em back, arm, arm to fight.

Edm. The *Danes* are in the streets, slaughter begins, and execution
is their Souldiers words. O will you lay your throats beneath their
swords, or doth your danger make you desperate ? your houses will be
preys to fire and theft.

65 *King.* Your Wives and Daughters slaves to *Danish* lust.

Alur. Your Children in their Mothers arms struck dead.

Edm. The names of English torn from memory ;
Oh let your valors in one chance be hurl'd,
Or quite extirpe a Nation from the World.

70 *King.* See, on my knees, I pray you, for your selves ; O 'tis for
Englands safety not my own, makes me a Subject to my Subjects thus,

The Love-sick King.

pitty your King, your Country, and your selves that now are falling,
let your valors rise, and in this last resist your enemies.

Alu. Now by my Princely birth (my royal Brother) His sight a-
75 mazes more than all the *Danes*; rise, rise, and speak no more; put them
away, the stones will sooner yeeld you aid than they.

2. *Capt.* Rip up our Brests, and see our loyal hearts to fight and die
for you in this just cause, But death hath seized us, all our bloods are
wasted, and through our many wounds our souls exhausted.

80 1. *Capt.* And since we can no more, O let your swords take swift
revenge, and save the *Danes* a labor, In killing us you ease our present
woes. *Alarm and cryes within.*

Ent Edel. Fly royal Princes, save your lives by flight, the day looks
clouded, there's no hope of safety; The traitorous *Osbert* Duke of
85 *Mertia* makes Head against you, and with all his Troops, enters the
City gates, guards in the *Danes*, triumphs in slaughter thorough every
street. The aged Father of St. *Swithins* Abby, that with his holy Cross
between his hands, mounted the Walls to cause the Souldiers on to
fight for Freedom and Religion, Seeing this Treason, hath retir'd him-
90 self, and on the holy Altar heaves his hands, awaiting death; the chaste
religious Mayds, with *Cartesmunda* their fair Governess,
Flock to the Temple as their last defence,
Hoping that place may shield their innocence.

King. Come, Princely *Alured*, my noble Brother, lets seek to stop
95 their pressing through the City, if we must die---

Alur, 'Tis but our Fate
Which even till death close by thy side Ile wait. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter *Osbert, Erkinwald, Harold, and the Danes cry-*
ing Kill, kill, the wounded Souldiers rise and fight, to them,
100 *the King, Alured, and the English, who are driven out*
and the King slain.

Edm. Seek for your safety, Sir, the King is dead.

Alur. See noble *Edmond* what the *Danes* have done, a King, by
Heaven created for a Crown, now onely made fit for a golden Urne, be-
105 trayd to death and slaughter pittiless.

Edm. Curse on the Traitors heart that wrought this Treason, rebel-
lious *Osbert* that betrayest thy Country.

Alur. Leave his reward to Heaven that will avenge it; and brave
Duke *Edmond*, sith the times are such, lets take disguise with speed
110 and seek for safety: If Heaven be pleas'd, brave Lord, we yet may live,
if not, what Heaven has given, ile freely give. Hie thee to *Thetford*, raise
thy

thy friends in *Norfolk*, If I escape with life, Ile post to *Scotland*,
Donald the King is of a noble spirit, and will not slack I know to send
 his aide against this common Foe to both our Kingdoms.

115 There shalt thou meet me, tho our journeys far,

Wee'l once again renue this dreadful war.

Edm. Spoke like the hope of *England*! Royal Prince! shake hands
 in this red City, and then part, for in thy quarrell I will live and
 dye.

120 *Alu.* First bear hence this cold clay of Majesty, our hapless Brother, and
 revenge his death.

Edm. That, and what else may but express thy Worth and Title
 to the Crown, ile still pursue, or may black infamy my baseness
 tell.

125 *Alu.* My soul shall quit thy love. Brave Prince farewell.

Exeunt severally.

Alarm. Enter *Canutus*, K. of *Denmark*, *Elgina* his Sister, *Erkin-*
wald, *Osbert*, *Harold*, *Osrick*, *Souldiers*.

Os. The Cities wone, my Lord, the King is slain, and great *Ca-*
 130 *nutus* with his Royal Troops may take possession of this conquer'd
 Town.

Canu. Thy love brave *Osbert* duke of *Mertia*, revolting from the
English to our part, has overturn'd the City *Winchester*, drown'd in the
 blood of Kingly *Etheldred* and all his Hoast. Hie thee Duke *Erkin-*
 135 *wald*, conduct our beauteous Sister to our Tent : You shall go back
Elgina strongly guarded, till with our swords we clear all passages that
 may oppose our peaceful enterance.

Stand on yon Hill, and hear the *English* crys,

While Trumpets sound the *Danish* Victories.

140 *Conduct her Elkinwald.*

Erk. I shall, great Prince.

Elgi. The Gods protect my noble Brothers safety, and crown thy
 brows with wreathes of victory.

Canu. Duke *Harold* take our Guards, and march before, ransack
 145 the Temple, and each private house,
 Who bears the name of *English* strike him dead ;
 This day the Kingdom's wholly conquered.

Os. Long may it so remain to great *Canutus* ; an hundred thirty
 years the *English* Kings have paid just Tribute to the conquering
 150 *Danes*, which now re-conquered, with assured hopes to hold pos-
 session of the State and Crown, see here the slaughtered Body of a
 King [.]

Usurping and disloyal *Etheldred*,
 Thus *Osbert* sets his foot upon thy head,
 155 That was annointed late with precious Balm,
 Rejoycing that by me thy pride is faln.

Canu. Forbear brave *English* Lord, remember this, he was a King,
 let not thy Subject foot tread on thy Sovereigns head ; Take off his
 Crown, and when the slaughter's past present it to us, and we will then
 160 reward thy faithful service ; enter the Town, spare neither Sex nor
 Age,

Whip out this *English* Race, with iron rods ;

The vanquish'd are but men, the Victors, gods. *Exeunt.*

Alarm. *A great Cry within. Enter Abbot bearing a Cross,*
 165 *Cartesmunda with two Tapers burning, which she placeth on*
the Altar, two or three Nuns following.

Abbot. Come holy Virgins, hie you to the Altar.

Car. The raging Foe pursues, defend us Heaven, Take Virgin tears,
 the balm of martyr'd Saints, as tribute due to thy Tribunal Throne ;
 170 with thy right hand keep us from rage and murder ; let not our dan-
 ger fright us, but our sins : Misfortunes touch our Bodies, not our
 Souls ;

Keep Faith before us, from Hell none escapes,

Our deaths may be thy will, but not our Rapes.

175 *Abb* Fair *Cartesmunda*, bright illustrious Maid, O be thou con-
 stant in this day of tryal.

Vertue is Vice unless it do persever,

That is true Holiness that lasts for ever.

Car. Upon my knees to you and Heaven I swear, when I do yeeld
 180 my Virgin vow to lust, in the soft Twines of an insatiate bed, may I give
 up the treasure of my youth

To such a man, whose lust and poisoned breath

May soon reward my sin, and be my death.

Follow, follow,

Alarm,

185 *Abb.* Such Vows being kept are true religious. Hark, hark, the bloody
 Foe has forc'd the Temple.

Turn boldly and be constant, here's the tryal.

All Virgins, To Nature wee'l be false, to Heaven be loyal.

Alarm. *Enter Canutus, Erkinwald, Harrold, Hofman,*
 190 *Osrick, Souldiers.*

Canu. On, on, kill all, spare none ; this by *Canutus* dyes ; ha !
 Who

- Who holds my conquering hand ? what power unknown,
By Magick thus transforms me to a stone,
Senseless of all the faculties of life ?
- 195 My blood runs back, I have no power to strike.
Call in our Guards, and bid them all give ore,
Sheath up your swords with me, and kill no more ;
Her Angel-beauty cries, she must not dye,
Nor live but mine : O I am taken strangely :
- 200 Methinks I lift my sword against my self,
When I oppose her : All perfection !
O see, the pearled dew drops from her eyn ;
Arise in peace ; fair soul, will you be mine ?
Car. If you be death not else.
- 205 *Canut.* Here is his power, for if my wrath thou move,
This blow shall rid my heart of torturing love ;
Pale deaths effect shall take away the cause, and I be free as Ayr : Thou
Sorceress, that stay'st my hand with Witchcraft, and with Charms :
I will unwind thy cunning Exorcismes. Rare beautious Virgin, Will
210 you love *Canutus* ?
Cartes. When to these bodies dead, thou givest new life, I then will
love thee.
Canut. Ile give thee death, As those in blood have faln ; and thou
shalt dye. I cud,-- We will withdraw ; Then kill her.
- 215 *Cartes.* And I am ready. Tyrant, do thy worst. O heaven !
Canut. Hold Traytor, hold, th'ast kill'd thy Sovereign : Does she
not bleed ? O Love how strong's thy fear ? All *England* shall not buy
this Jewel from me : Didst thou strike her ?
Har. I had not drawn my sword, you came so sudden.
- 220 *Canut.* Nor never may'st thou draw it 'gainst her life, so she bee
pleas'd to love.
Cartes. To hate thee I will love, but never love thee.
Canut. Grant me thy Love, my Royalties are thine, and thou shalt
strike the Sun blind with thy lustre, in Ornaments more rich then is the
225 Treasure hid in the unknown bottome of the Sea ; And for thy pleasures--
Cartes. Peace, sleek Flattery. Thou seekest to violate my Virgin
Vow with thy enchanting tongue, which ere I break,
The heavens shall fright the earth ; Saints prove unjust,
Death lose this power, ere I imbrace mans lust.
- 230 *Canut.* She turns me wild with rage and passion ; Ile rip thy bosome
up to see that wonder, a constant womans heart : Sure thine is flint, yet
thus

thus Ile peirce it were it Adamant : Oh ! *He offers to strike, and his sword falls.*

Erkin. My Royal Lord.

235 *Har.* Great Prince recall your spirits.

Canut. I'm struck with lightning from the torrid Zone,
Stand all betwixt me and that flaming Sun ;
Yet do not : Let her heat in death be spent.
Go *Erkinwald*, convey her to my Tent.

240 Let her be guarded with more watchful eyes,
Then heaven has stars, for fear she be surpriz'd ;
If here she stay, I shall consume and dye,
'Tis time must give my passions remedy.
Art thou not gone ? Kill him that gazeth on her,

245 For all that see her, sure must doat like me,
And Treason will be wrought against us for her.
Be sudden. To our Tents, Prethee away,

The hell on earth is love that brings delay. *Exit Erkin. with Cartes.*

Har. The Duke of *Mertia* with the *English* Crown attends the
250 pleasure of my Lord the King.

Canut. Present him to us ; O obdurate Maid,
The *English* Crown is valueless to thee,
This thy *Idea* crowns my victory.

Ent. Osbert.

Os. Low, as obedience, thus the vanquish'd *English* yeelds subject
255 duty to the King of *Danes*, and with this conquer'd Crown our lives
and honors.

Canut. You please us well Duke *Osbert* ; come invest us, thy
warlike hand shall crown *Canutus* head, For by thy aid, this Realm is
conquered.

260 *Os.* Long live *Canutus* mighty King of *Danes*, of *Denmark*,
Norway, and of *England* King. *Florish.*

Canut. Thanks Duke of *Mertia*, We must now remember that by
thy late revolt we wan this City, slew *Etheldred* the Lord of many
thousands.

265 Now for reward which should ha' come before,
Thou never shalt crown King or subject more.
Off with his head.

Os. My Lord.

Canut. A guard I say, stop up the Traytors mouth : Let us have
270 fear, not love ; Mans nature will be bold where it is lik'd ; A Kingdome
got by blood must so be kept : I will not hear him speak ; Away with
him ;

him ; Bring me his wisdoms head into my Tent, there weel converse.

Osb. Heavens wrath is justly sent.

Exit with Guard.

Canut. Here was it that I saw that blazing Star whose bright aspect
 275 promis'd a general peace to this affrighted Kingdome : Torches Slaves,
 the night comes on us, we are all in darkness, prepare my bed, weel rest
 us after toyl, and sleep, thou mother of forgetfulness, drown all my
 thoughts that ere I saw this Virgin, make her a stranger to my memory,
 that I may joy in this, not dye for love. *Hofman*, her looks are heaven ;
 280 her eyes are *Cupids* darts ; Go bring her to me : Art not gone yet
 slave ? It is an Embassie too good for *Hermes*, the Herauld of the
 gods : Thou shalt meet Lightning, yet on thou must, go ask that weep-
 ing Nun, dost hear me ? Art not gone ? Were *Hellen* now alive, this
 Maid alone would stain her beauty and new *Troy* should burn, *Paris*
 285 would dye again to live to see her : O bring me her, Dull slave with
 reverence ; Let not the Sun be more out-worshipp'd by the tann'd *Bar-*
barian : Tell her, A bleeding Lover sent thee to her, and name me
 if thou chance to see her smile : Tha'st not forgot my name.

A cup of Wine ready.

290 *Hof.* No my good Lord.

Canut. Let me not spurn thee, Go, Fetch me some Wine, weel
 war a while with Love. Fair *Phadra*, who in *Corinth* once was
 found, compar'd to her, as different they wo'd show, as sable Ebony to
 Alpine Snow ; when first I saw her at the holy Altar, Surely the gods
 295 more careful of her life, then of a mass of souls brought me upon her,
 and fix'd my soul to hers : Let's have some Musick. *Ent. Hofman.*

But thou prevent'st us with a better sound. The Accent of her
 Name strikes Musick dumb, for she is Ayr of all perfection.-- Her
 Name ?

300 *Hof.* Her three times sacred Name, most Royal King, is *Cartes-*
munda, a Religious Nun.

Canut. It needs no Epithite t'express the Name,

For *Cartesmunda* is the worlds bright frame.

I charge thee Villain, strait conduct her to me. Her sacred Name is
 305 *Cartesmunda* call'd ; O fairest soul ! I fear't a harder Task to conquer
 thee, than all the spacious Bounds of *Barbary* ; Had the gods none to
 take my glory from me, but a weak woman ? O strange destin'd Fate !
 Ten Worlds in Arms against *Canutus* State.

Enter Osrick and Cartesmunda.

310 See the day breaks ; Look where *Aurora* comes, and see the Mornings
 dew falls from her eyes, begetting better Flowers than those of May

B

from

from the glad ravish'd Earth : O tell me Fayr, Speak *English* Maid ;
How camest thou to my sight ? What makest thou here ? Camest thou
to murder me ?

315 *Cartis*. What all my friends have found but wretched I,
I seek for, death to end my misery.

Canut. But canst not find him, for thou art immortal ; Death wud
dye for thee, if he ever saw thee, and for thy sake make blunt his Ebon
dart ; Pray weep no more, He prayes that might command ; We will
320 not force the Jewel thou so prizest, till thou bequeath it freely to my
youth. We are oth' Eagles kind, and scorn to stoop to an ignoble
Thought : Sweet will you hear me ; 'Twas King *Canutus* fetch'd that
sigh you heard : Still turn aside ! Well, if you loathe me, leave me ;
there lyes your way : Yet be advis'd, Fond Maid ; No sooner shalt
325 thou pass from forth my sight, but the base Souldiers will lay hold
on thee, and what I value 'bove Religion, will not be thus much there,
They'l ravish thee, and therefore prethee stay, with tears I pray thee.
Thou frosty *April*, woo't not love for love ? Doo't then for Honor,
Pleasure, Majesty : Ungentle still ? Then get thee from my sight : Go
330 to the Woods, and learn of wilder Beasts a little pitty : You preserve
chastity with a foul sin, Ingratitude : Goodnight ; Yet stay, We are
strangers, We may kiss at parting ; Thou hast infus'd *Promethean*
Fires into me : I have two lives, Yet none of them mine own. Fair
Cartesmunda, If thou wilt be gone, bid me Goodnight, though in
335 some Language that I understand not :

Cartes. Goodnight, My Lord.

Canut. When shall I have thy Love ?

Cartes. When men shall cease to think there is a God, or any thing
more strange : Alas, great Prince !

340 My chastity stands at the Bar above,
My Life I owe to you, but not my Love.

Canut. So young, and full of grey hair'd Purity : In vain I shoot
against a wall of brass, that sends mine own shafts back upon my self.
I must choose fitter time to conquer thee. Lights, and a double guard
345 t'attend my Love.

(Fairest) Good rest ; be dutious in her keeping,

Ile wake with thought of thee, and then with weeping.

Exeunt. Manet Erkinwald, Harold, Captain.

Erk. The King is Love-sick *Harold* ; Joyn thy powers, and round
350 begirt this City *Winchester* ; Beset the wayes, let not the *English* scape,
That stood the siege and sack of *Winchester*.

Har.

Har. I think there's few escap'd, the King is slain
And *England* now submits toth' conquering *Dane*.

Erk. Prince *Alured*, the Brother to the King, and *Edmond* Duke
355 of *Thetford* both are scap'd and may raise powers afresh : Therefore
be careful.

Enter Elgina.

Har. Doubt not my Lord. See here comes the Princess. *Ex.*

Erk. Madam, I bring you dear commends from your great Brother,
England is won, and the white flag of peace is rear'd upon the ruins of
360 this City, King *Etheldred* is slain, and great *Canutus* invested with his
Crown and Dignity. What conquest can be more ?

Elg. That you subdue your thoughts ; good sir, give ore, till I have
conference with the King.

Erk. And then youle love ?

365 *Elg.* Till then ile love no other.

Enter two Souldiers dragging in Alured in disguise.

1 *Soul.* Drag him along, he's *English* and must dye. Come for-
ward sir.

Alu. Yee cannot fright me, 'tis my wish to die,
370 And I that seek it scoff your Tyranny,
O for fair *Englands* good and my lost powers,
Mine be the suffering, and the glory yours.

Erk. What prisoner have our *Danish* Souldiers got ?

2 *Sould.* One of the straggling *English*, my good Lord,
375 And now are leading him to have him tortur'd.

Erk. Let him come near us, Say, what art thou ?

(Whispers with Alured.)

Elg. Some God, I think, disguis'd in humane shape, come down to
court us with bewitching looks,
380 There's something tels me, if my thoughts speak truth,
To thee I owe the pleasure of my youth.

Erk. Was that thy fortune, 'thad been better far
Th'adst fallen amongst thy friends in this dread war
Then live to further shame. Away and hang him.

385 *Elg.* Stay good my Lord.

Erk. Madam forbear, the King hath sworn the deaths of all that
bar'd his enterance to this City ; they scorn'd his profer'd peace,
and now must perish. This may suffice, Hee's *English*, and must dye.

Elg. If all the *English* perish, then must I, for I (now know) in
390 *England* here was bred, although descended of the *Danish* blood, King
[*Hardiknut* my Father, thirty years governed the one half of this fa-]

[B 2]

[mous]

mous Kingdom, where I, that time was born an *English* Princess ;
 Therefore I pray, my Lord, set this man free
 Let me bestow his life and liberty ;

395 Ile beg it of the King.

Erk. Madam, tis yours, go Souldiers drink this gold, and let our
 word to you discharge your Prisoner.

1. *Soul.* It shall my Lord, wo'd we were rid of all the *English* thus.

Ex. Sould.

400 *Elg.* Pray Sir, resolve me, what has your fortunes been ?

Alu. The most of woes dear Princess, I have liv'd to see my Coun-
 try ruin'd, my friends mured,
 My self condemn'd to die, and but for you
 I had been dead, that life I have's your due.

405 *Elg.* Comfort your self, henceforth you shall be mine,
 Attend this, noble Lord, 'tis for your good ;
 Where mildness conquers, we must shed no blood.

Erk. You are all compact of Love and Mercy (Lady) attend me
 sir, and for this Princess sake, we will prefer thee ; come beauteous Ma-
 410 dam you now must leave the Tents to entertain the glorious triumphs of
 the great *Canutus*, whom you must comfort, for the Love-sick King
 sits sadly doating on a beauteous Nun.

Elg. Is't possible (my Lord) the King our brother,
 In midst of Conquest sho'd be *Cupids* prisoner ?

415 *Erk.* Such is loves power, it flies with swiftest wings,
 And midst his armed Guards he woundeth Kings.

Elg. *Venus* defend me, if he be thus powerful we shall be all Soul-
 diers, and these stern Wars must be transformed into Loves encounters.
 Well, my good Lord, wee'l see this *English* wonder my Brother so ad-
 420 mires, call for our Guard and Train.

Erk. They are ready (madam)

Elg. Go you before then (sir) and Ile not stay,
 Look to your Prisoner, lest he run away.

Erk. O fear not Lady-- Come sir.

Ex. Erk. Alur.

425 *Elg.* Wo'd he wo'd run, so he wo'd take me with him, by *Jove* I love
 him, but 'tis bashfulness, that thus makes women hide their passions,
 even till we burst and die ; we must not plead love,
 Yea, tho't be offered we must still refuse it
 With fond denial when we wish to chuse it.

430 I see no sence for this ; well amorous youth,
 [For thy sake Ile teach women what to do,]

[And]

And spight of custom to begin to wooe.

Exit.

ACT. 2.

Enter Thornton with Needles, and a A Lambs-skin, Singing.

435 *Thor.* Be gone, be gone, my Juggy, my Puggy, be gone my Love,
my Dear, my Money is gone, and ware I have none, but one poor Lamb-
skin here : Why so, and who buies this Lamb-skin now, A most
fine, dainty, nappy Lamb-skin, if a Lady would line her Petticoat,
A sweeter Lamb-skin cannot kiss her Catastrophe : Let me see, how of-
440 ten do I transform my self in four and twenty hours ? First, Here in
Northumberland, mine own native Country, amongst poor people I
change these myllan fustian Needles into eggs, then my eggs into mo-
ney, and then am I a Merchant, not of Eels-skins, but Lamb-skins ; and
thus poor *Thornton* of *Northumberland*, picks out a living in spight
445 of Beggery : Yet this is not the living that I aim at neither ; for I may
tell to all men that I have a terrible mind to be a horrible rich man ; nay, I
am half assured on't too, for where ere I go, there's something still whis-
pers in mine ears, I shall be greater, and here at *Newcastle* too, into
which I am now entring. All which to confirm, a Witch or a Jugler, has
450 guided my fate in writing, and now Ile read it once again, that all the
World may know my fortunes, and wonder at them. Mark then, for thus
it goes.

Reads.

Go to *Newcastle*, take thy fate,
Yet ere thou enter, count thy State,
455 If service in that place thou get
Thy wealth will rise to infinite,
And *Thorntons* name in *England* stand,
The richest Subject in the Land.
O fortune, how hast thou favoured a poor Merchant stranger ? I have all
460 this wealth in conceit already, and all this have I got of a cunning man,
for two poor Millan Needles, and one of 'em lacks an eye too. No
matter. Hope keeps the heart whole, and I shall be rich, that's certain,
but how I know not, nor care not, so I come in any likeness ; my For-
tune says, I must get a service here in *Newcastle*, but ere I enter I must
465 count the wealth I have now, and that's soon reckoned, one poor half
penny and a Lambs-skin, is all the wealth I have yfaith, and yet for all
this my state must stand the richest Subject in the Land ; 'tis certain, my
mind gives me it, and I am assur'd on't, yet I must put my self in re-
membrance of my poverty, lest I should forget my self when I am grown
470 so rich, I will write a note on't ere I enter the Town, and hang it here
[upon some tree,] to keep it in mind, as long as the River of *Tine* runs

[B 3 (?)]

[under]

under it. Let me see, instead of paper this Tile-stone shall serve, and here's an Ink-horn I stole from my Hostis, a scurvy Quean, if I had not given her money for my Ale, she would have chaulked me presently,
 475 this shall serve the turn. Ile sit down and write, sweet *Hellicon* inspire me with thy Castalian lucke.

Enter Goodgift, and Randolfe, and George, his Wife.

Good. Come, come dispatch, the wind is North North West, and blows fair on us ; Where is *George* my Factor ?

480 *Fact.* Here Sir,

Good. At the next ebb, good *George*, I and the ship fall down to *Tinmouth* ; are your books made even, the goods made fit, and all things fitting for the voyage.

Fact. All's done sir, the Commodities priz'd and summ'd ; their
 485 value at my back return from Sea, I hope to treble to you.

Good. Heaven deal in that, or gain, or loss we must be still contented, and therefore are we call'd Adventurers, because we know 'tis hazard.

Rand. 'Tis indeed sir, and I do wonder at this gain of hazard youle
 490 set so great a state, seeing the time joyns with the Sea in danger ; the *Danish* Fleet watcheth to pill the *English* Venturers. Then be advis'd.

Wife. Yet to avoid all dangers Husband, I'de have you do as here my Brother doth, venture your state in your own Country, tho the gains be smaller, the safety's not so doubtful.

495 *Good.* I, I, Wife, thy Brother *Randolfe* here is known a famous Merchant for *Newcastle* Coals, and *England* holds the circuit of his traffick, but we that are Adventurers abroad, must fame our Country through all Christendom, nay far beyond our Christian Territories, to *Egypt*, *Barbary*, and the Tauny Moors, Where not indeed ? if Sea and
 500 wind gives way unto our dancing Vessels ; nay, nay, Brother, your merchandize compar'd with us, I tell you, is but a poor fresh-water venture.

Rand. Well brother, well, pursue your Foreign gain, I rest content at home, at the years end wee'l cast the difference 'twixt your far-fetch'd
 505 treasure, and our *Newcastle* home-bred Minerals, you shall perceive strange transformation, black coals turn'd to white silver, that's my comfort sir.

Good. And take it to you sir, with much good I wish it. But stay, stay, who is that ?

510 *Rand.* One that is very brain busie it seems.

Good. Peace, peace, observe him prethee.

[*Thor.*]

Thorn. Here did *Thornton* enter in
With hope, a half penny, and a Lambs-skin,
It shall go yfaith. Ile never strive to mend it ; foot this Poetry, and a
515 mans brains were not well laid in his head, woo'd make him mad, I
think if there be any *Hellicon* in *England* 'tis here at *Newcastle*, I
am inspired with it, every Coal-pit has a rellish on't, for who goes down
but he comes out as black as Ink.

Good. Is not this fellow mad ?

520 *Rand.* Good faith I doubt it.

Thorn. Well this writing will I set up here at the Towns end,
that when I have got all these riches together, and sit amongst my
comely Brethren, I then may staulk the pace of wit, and worship,
here to read this Manuscript, then will I view my Ware-houses, disperse
525 my coyn, comfort the poor, I and perhaps build Churches.

Rand. Either he speaks to himself, or hee's possest with some
strange talking spirit, that Dialogues within him.

Thorn. Then will I have some Fifty Beades-men in my life time,
for that's the first way to be prayed for here, and mourned for when I am
530 gone, and on their Gowns their Cullisance shall be six millan Needles,
and a silver Lambs-skin.

Good. Ha, ha, the more he speaks, methinks 'tis more distracted.
Lets question him.

Wife, Is hee not, think you Husband, one of those Players of
535 Interludes that dwels at *Newcastle*, and conning of his Part, for
surely these are other mens matters hee talks of ? Doe you hear
honest man, and Friend, let mee instruct you to bee wise and so-
ber.

Sings.

Thorn. I come not hither for thee to teach,
540 I have no pulpit for to Preach,
I woo'd th'adst kist me under the Breech,
As thou art a Lady gay.

Wife, Marry come up with a vengeance.

Good. La you wife, you see what 'tis to trouble a man in his
545 Meditations, prethee let him alone, hee's not mad I warrant thee.

Thorn. With hope, a half-penny, and a Lambs-skin, I protest
I never pleas'd my self better. Let mee see, what day's this ; O
Monday ! I shall love Mondays vein to poetize as long as I live, for
this trick.

550 *Good.* Good speed, Good fellow.

Thor. Ha, Whose that ? O I thank you Gentlemen ; If I have
good

good speed, Ile do good deeds the sooner : Your sufferance a little I be-
seech you ; Then will I build some famous Monument.

Rand. Thou build'st i'th' Ayr I think : Prethee, what Country-
555 man art ?

Thor. Faith Sir, a poor *Northumberland* man, and yet I tell yee
Gentlemen, not altogether the poor Fellow, which you behold me ;
Fortune may change, If you seek what I shall be, 'Tis infinite, and
cannot be summ'd together : But if you wo'd know my present store ; It is
560 all summ'd on this Tyle-stone : I shall be very rich, that's certain ; and
this Town of *Newcastle* must be the raising of my fortune, if there I
get service, then are Wealth and Treasure my servants.

Good. And such a servant cannot want a Master. But Prethee tell
me, Whence hast thou these hopes ?

565 *Thorn.* Pray Sir, read that, then tell me your opinion.

Good. Prethee let's see't. Go to *Newcastle* take thy Fate,
Yet ere thou enter, count thy State :
If service in that place thou get,
Thy wealth will rise to infinit ;

570 And *Thorntons* name in *England* stand

The richest subject in the Land.--- Excellent yfaith ! And dost thou
beleeve all this ?

Thorn. As sure as you live Sir, and all the world cannot drive me from
this opinion but that I shall be a very rich man.

575 *Good.* I like thy confidence : How dost desire to have Employment ?
Wilt thou go to Sea.

Thorn. Sea or Land, Fire or Ayr ; Let *Newcastle* be my home, and
some honest man my Master. This Halfpenny, and this Millan
Needle, shall I multiply to a Million of Halfpence, and this innocent
580 Lambs-skin to a Magnificent Lordship.

Good. Stay there, I prethee, 'tis wealth enough for a subject, come,
Ile give thee handsel, that's Entertainment, my name is *Goodgift* a Mer-
chant of *Newcastle*, where thou desirest to serve, give me thy hand, If
I do live to see thee this rich man, I shall be proud to say, I was thy
585 Master.

Thorn. I am your servant Sir, and will be faithful.

Good. Obey me then at first, as Ile imploy thee : Thou shalt to Sea,
I see thou wilt be thrifty : Come hither *George*, take him a Shipboard
with thee, change his Apparrel strait, and make him handsome ; I begin
590 so well to relish his Plainness that I am half perswaded of his hopes. How
say'st thou wife ?

Wife.

Wife. Nay, Nay, He bad me kiss his Breech, Birlady, but that's no matter Husband, seeing I see his Fortunes are so hopeful he shall have my likeing : Come hither *Thornton*, since thy Master sends thee out to
595 Sea, there's something for thee to begin thy stock with, and if thou double it, Ile ne're grudge yfaith, So thou't remember me, when th'art a rich man.

Good. Ha, Ha,-- she's confident already.

Rand. So shall I ne're be, till I see it Sir.

600 *Good.* Well, Well, Do as I bid thee *George*, under thy self, let him have charge of all.

George How will he put off these Commodities he has Sir ?

Thorn. Tush, Tush, Ile have an out-cry Fellow *George*, for so I take it Sir, your name is now.

605 *George* Why what's thy Lambs-skin good for ?

Thorn. Marry Muff Sir.

Wife. Thou say'st true indeed *Thornton*, and Ile purchase it of thee, for that purpose, Ile give thee a Groat for it to line my Muff withal.

610 *Thorn.* And you shall ha't Mistriss, It has been lain dead on my hands a great while, and now it shall be dead on yours, only this, Sweet Master, I must inteat you, that ere I enter the Town, I may hang up this writing here ; I doubt not Sir, but at my coming home, I shall be able to ha't cut in stone.

615 *Good.* Agreed, Agreed, an honest Motion. How now, Who's this comes here ?

Enter Grim.

Wife. 'Tis *Grim* the Collyer, Ist't not brother ?

Rand. O yes sister, the main Over-seer of all my Coles, I warrant you, his heads more troubled too, then *Thorntons* was to count his
620 hop'd-for wealth, and mark how wisely he proceeds about it.

Grim. Let me see now, first five hundred Chaldron of Coals at ten Groats a Chaldron, that is, in Coals and mony ; ten Groats, and ten Groats, is twice ten Groats ; Then take twice ten out of two times ten, and there remains four times ten : fivescore Chaldron at ten Groats a
625 Coal comes to five shillings, then take me thirty Coals out of thirty Chaldron, and put them together, and there's the whole Voyage, so thirty Chaldron of Coals, comes to five Chaldron of Angels.

Good. O rare ! He multiplies bravely.

Rand. I told you what a reck'ning he wo'd make on't.

630 *Grim.* Then to cast how many Fourpence halfpennies there are in a Chaldron of Angels : Let me see, take half a Chaldron out of a whole

Chaldron, and there remains--- No, No, this is not the way ; I must begin lower : A Chaldron of Angels, if you take nothing out, there remains something : This is the honest way for a servant when he casts up
 635 his Masters Reckonings, to take nothing out, and then the whole Stock remains untouched still.

Rand. I marry Sir, I like that well ; Why, How now *Grim*, What art thou doing ?

Grim. I cry you mercy Master, I am even doing my good will to
 640 make your Accounts right Sir : There's five hundred Chaldron of Coals leaving the River, and ship'd away : They'l be Sea-sick to morrow.

Rand. How many for *London* (*Grim* ?)

Grim. Three hundred Chaldron, Sir.

645 *Rand.* And whither go the rest ?

Grim. 'Twas purposed they sho'd ha gone to *Winchester*, but its thought since the *Danes* came thither, they have little need of Sea-coal, every place is so hot ; they say a Taylor burnt his Goose, and yet no fire came neer him.

650 *Rand.* That's strange. Well *Grim*, bid them alter their course for *Winchester*, bid them put in at *Lyn*, and *Yarmouth*, and let *London* be the farthest of their journey until these Wars afford us better safety.

Grim. Alas Master, if you stow up your ships, you may ee'n hang
 655 up your Collyers, for they'l starve and dye if they come above ground once ; you have sevenscore pits, and seven hundred lusty Collyers daily digging in them, and if they come above ground once--- What *Thornton* my old Acquaintance ! How ist't, How ist't man ?

Thorn. Never better yfaith.

660 *Good.* Dost thou know him ?

Grim. Better then the Taylor that made his Doublet : Know *Thornton*, the famous Needle-maker of *Northumberland* ? There's not a Beggar that carries a Patch about her, but knows him ; All our Collyers buy Needles of him for the same purpose : Many a night
 665 has he lain in the Sellerage amongst : *Thornton*, How many Eggs have you roasted at our fire in the Coal-pits ?

Thorn. Thou posest me now yfaith *Grim*, I have been infinitely beholding to thee, and when I am a rich man, here's my hand, Ile requite it.

670 *Grim.* I had rather thou would'st set a certain day to do't. Dost thou think to be rich by Pedlers Eggs, and Lambs-skins ?

Thorn.

Thorn. But I have other Employments now *Grim.*

Good. He is my servant Sir, and is already by my best liking voyaging to Sea.

675 *Grim.* Does he go a foot Sir ?

Good. Sirra, Sirra, He's a Venturer too, and when you see his safe return again with wealth from Sea, you'll make legs to him.

Grim. How legs to him ? I scorn him and his Lambs-skins. No Sir, *Thornton* must remember I am Controler of the Cole-pits, and that
680 many a night I have committed him to the Hole, and there he lay forty Fathom deep beneath me, where I co'd have buried him alive, if I had thought on't : Make legs to him ?

Good. Come, Come Sir, Wee'l have you friends at parting ; Go *George*, follow my directions, and let *Thornton* have that Employment
685 I prescribed to you ; Come Sir, you shall first erect your Character according to your mind at the Towns end, to keep a Record of your Entrance in.

Thorn. With hope, a Halfpenny, and a Lambs-skin, that's all Sir.

690 *Grim.* Ha, Ha, a brave rich man I promise you.

Exeunt.

Enter Erkinwald and Alured.

Erkin. Is thy name *Eldred* ?

Alur. Yes, My good Lord.

Erkin. Thou art my prisoner still, and we have power o're all, thy
695 Life and Fortunes.

Alur. I still confess it, Sir.

Erkin. 'Tis well, Canst thou guess then, why my love extends it self so lineally towards thee ? Thou know'st that even from death I have advanced thee close to my self, and trust thee with my secrets, and one
700 above the rest, requires thy aid, thy subtle and quick brain can better forge matter of fair discourse than mine can be, The bright *Elgina* thou must court for me. In Peace and War she has been still my aym, for her the tedious night I do beguile, with serious thoughts of her divinity, and watching till the midnight Chimes be past, have wak'd again before the
705 Village Cock had call'd the Plowman to his early labor.

Go plead my love, yet ere thou go, here swear

(Yet I with love will win thee, not with fear)

Never to injure me in this disguise, Nor with *Icarian* wing to soar too high.

710 *Alur.* I were a villain to betray your trust, being so meritless of your great favours, and therefore vow by all that man may swear by, Ile

be as true to you in this imployment, as truth is to the just.

Erk. Thou hast said enough, I leave it to thy trust— Go, return and make me happy, there's gold, spend freely. *Exit.*

715 *Alu.* Fortune I see thou now art blind, and foolish, and without aim direct'st thy giddy shafts, these gifts thou givest to me, which I despise, what physick helps a man just as he dies ? 'Tis *Englands* peace that I would live to Court, but she is fled, and I a captive Prince, slave to my mortal foes, till time release me, that once I may regret my *English*
720 friends, which long ere this, I know have wish'd my presence, to joyn our forces for our Countreys freedom. *Enter Elgina.*

But here she comes whom I must plead for love ; my faith is past, and wereshe beauties Queen, and half the world her dowre, I wo'd not wrong The trust I have receiv'd, Ile court her for him,

725 And plead my Masters love, though she abhor him.

Elg. Who's there, *Eldred* ?

Alu. Your pardon beauteous Princess, I must woove you.

Elg. But ile prevent you sir, for ile woove you.

Alu. For noble *Erkinwald* my warlike Master. All love from
730 him.

Elg. Is nothing like to thee,
That conquer'st love, and *Cupids* Deity.

Alu. You do amaze me Lady.

Elg. Be not afraid,

735 But tell me boldly, could you love a Maid
That for thy sake wo'd be a president, and teach all women a new way to win the often wish'd desires of stubborn men ? In me you shall observe patience and duty, tender care, and fear ; by thy bright eyes, Ile teach the constant Turtle truer love, and make the Nuns at *Vesta's* Altar swear,
740 The Virgin state is not so strict to move
As the obsequious life you lead in love.
And cannot you yet say, you mean to love me.

Alu. Beshrew me Madam but you tempt me shrewdly, pray give me leave to think upon 't... Ha ! my vow's not broke yet ; for I woove
745 not her, that was my oath sure, and I think there's no man that can withstand the wooing of a woman. Fond fool, how quickly youth and blood transform ?

Elg. Come, What's your answer ?

Alu. Dearest Lady, There is but one thing in the world that hates me,
750 and you have brought it with you.

Elg. O me ! what sho'd it be ?

[*Alu.*]

Alu. Forgive my rashness, 'tis a thing within you, not you, that charms me from you.

Elg. Be it my heart, ile pull it out, so thou wilt love me.

755 *Alu.* O gracious Princess, 'tis your Royal blood, so near allied unto the great *Canutus*

Keeps me at distance, were our states made even

My love sho'd be as strong as zeal to Heaven.

Therefore Imperial Maid---

760 *Elg.* No more, if that be all, we will dispence with greatness, use me like one that loves you, Ile Invent a plot that shall in short secure us both ; I crave but this, that thou be true of faith : For by my life I love thee.

Alu. And (gracious Princess) since now I see your passions are un-
765 feign'd, I vow not onely to requite your love, but with affected and sincere intents to crown your wishes, though it work my ruin.

Elg. Our faiths and hearts are one then, *Cupids* wings,
Can crown mean births, with joy, make slaves of Kings
Knew *Erkinwald* my heart, hee'd change with thee,

770 And be thy slave to have command ore me.

Lend me thine ear in private.

Enter Erkinwald.

Erk. At it so close ? Ile hear their conference, win her, and gain thy Freedom, Love and Honor. Ha ! That kiss (bold slave) past thy
775 Commission ; Death and the Devil, she kisseth him too. O fond *Erkinwald* be blind and do not see them ; thy office was to speak, but not for thy self.

Alu. Natures Divinity is in thy looks, and he an Atheist sees thee, and not loves. Should *Erkinwald* now see it, I wo'd love thee, tho for
780 each kiss I had a several torture, ten deaths for thy injoying were my Bliss.

Elg. So high I prize thee, by this Virgins kiss.

Erk. Yet you make shift to reach him with your lips ; Degenerate Princess, I suspect thy birth : Yet well mayst thou be Sister to thy Bro-
785 ther, For Great *Canutus* blood runs low as thine, and Love-sick doateth on an *English* Nun.

Alu. Then you resolve to fly ?

Elg. Heaven knows I do.

Erk. Here's one will stop your Journey. Thunder part ye, slave.

790 *Elg.* Ha, O me unfortunate !

Alu. Tush, fear not Madam. See here I stand my Lord.

[C 3]

[*Erk.*]

Erk. A perjur'd Villain.

Alu. That tongue lies that speaks it--- Hear me, I courted for thee with my best of speech, and shew'd my faith as firm as Adamant,
795 till fate that rules all love, ore-rul'd her so, that she became a Suiter for my love,

And on my worthless self her smiles hath thrown ;

My tongue was yours, but my consent mine own.

Erk. Ile have that heart she loves--- hold eyes from weeping.

800 *Elg.* But I shall hate that heart if in thy keeping.

Sheath up thy sword, and hear me *Elkinwald*, what shall I give thee to renounce my love ?

Erk. As much as thou would'st give t'attain Elizium sho'd not avert my love from these fair eyes, *Joves* thunder, or eternal miseries shall
805 never so transform me.

Elg. Yet I cannot love thee.

Erk. But ile remove the cause of that. Villain, thou hast seen our slaves dye, when their Lords have laugh'd, Come, run on my weapon, this is Princely favor,

810 For greater tortures do attend on thee,

But wee'l be merciful in Tyranny.

Elg. See, on the Earth, thy Sovereigns Sister kneels, to beg thy pitty.

Erk. There's nothing but thy love can purchase it.

815 *Elg.* Yet have mercy, the fault in love was thine, thou didst betray me when thou let'st me see him ; and Villain thou, if thou but touch his life, the Great *Canutus* shall revenge my wrongs,

For after him *Elgina* will not live ;

Bethink thee then, O yet some pitty give !

820 *Alu.* Do not debase your self, for my poor life,

I dare his worst, my love is constant still,

More resolute to die, than thou to kill.

Erk. Tis worthy praise, then see, behold thy death.

Alu. With open eyes, as I wo'd view her state,

825 And like a man thus I pursue my fate.

(They fight, Elgina goes between, Erkinwald kills her.)

Elg. Hold, hold. O I am slain, farewell dear friend, the loss of thee is Tyranny in death

And death a dream, so thou but close mine eies,

830 Chaste love is born in Heaven, and never dies.

Erk. Amazement to my soul, O my *Elgina* ! O I am most accurst
[twas this hand struck thee.] [*Alu.*]

Alu. For which Ile be revenged ; thus Heaven is just. *Kills him.*

Erk. Base Villain thou hast slain me.

835 *Alu.* 'Tis thy fate. Farewel.

Oh pure, unspotted Maid, unhappy Princess,
This hand shall keep thy will and close thine eyes,
Let thy soul joy, for here thy Murderer lies
Dead at my foot, and I with thee could die,

840 Were my poor Country free from misery.

War calls me to the field. O my *Elgina*, Autume is on thy cheeks, the
Rose is wither'd, and thou look'st like the Alabaster statue,
Upon thy lips I print this parting kiss,
And flying from thee, leave all earthly bliss. *Exit.*

845 *Enter Harrold, Osrick, and Captains.*

Har. Osrick, we hear the Duke of *Thetford* raiseth men in *Norfolk*.

Osr. All *England* sure, I think will mutiny, if thus the King neglect his hopeful Conquest, by doating on a womans lustful Beauty.

Har. Never was man in love bewicht like him, he will not suffer
850 speech or any counsel that may dis-swade from her ; he bars his sight
from any but the Nun, and his loose Panders. Ha ! what sight is this ?
Duke *Erkinwald* and the Princess murdered, this sight wo'd sad even
Tyranny it self, draw tears from Tygers, and make wonder dumb.
Oh Great *Canutus* what portents are these

855 This heavy curse lights on thy lust and ease.

Thy sister, and thy best of friends are slain,
And safety now is frighted from thy Throne.
Convey this spectacle of grief aside, and let a guard pursue the murderer.

860 Ile hie me to the King, and there relate

Their deaths, his lust, both guided by strong fate. *Exeunt.*

Banquet. Enter K. Canutus.

Can. She is an Angel in the shape of woman, chaster than *Dian*, colder than *Freesland* snow, and yet she burns me ; if I miss her now, my
865 death must be the period of my love ; Go, let those Jewels, Cates, perfumes and Musick, be all produc'd together in one sense.

Unite all raptures, let's have nothing scant,
That she may taste at once, what all Queens want. *Musick.*
Strike heavenly Musick, with a tuneful measure,

870 And with thy raptures swell her blood and pleasure.

Enter Cartesmunda and Osrick.

The star appears, welcome dear soul, to make our joyes more full, sit
to

to this Banquet, Great Queen of my heart, and fully joy thy senses in each part.

875 *Cart.* My senses are intranc'd, or do I dream ;

O let me back return to hide my shame.

Can. O stay divinest soul, hear me but speak.

Cart. O I have lost my sence with these Inchantments ; I am I know not how, for all my powers are useless, but mine eyes to
880 weep.

Can. Make not the earth proud to receive thy tears, lest being subject unto me her King, I force her to restore again those pearls, more rich than all the Jewels of our Crown, so high I prize thy tears, yet thee 'bove all.

885 *Cart.* I am your Servant, Prisoner, Vassal, worse.

Can. Thine eyes upon my freedom laid that curse.

If thou bee'st mine, I do command thy love ;

Where Kings of Subjects beg, let pitty move.

Cart. How can so great a King, be weakness slave ?

890 *Can.* In doating of those joyes I near shall have.

Cart. Men that lust women once, no more indure 'em,

In health they loathe the physick that did cure 'em.

Can. When I neglect thy love, or touch thy life, may all my Battels prove unfortunate, and I lose all the conquering *Danes* have got, and end
895 my days with shame and inward grief.

Cart. Your words be registred, with hands divine,

O keep your vow (great Prince) for I break mine.

I blush to say, I yeeld, I'm wholly yours, a spotless Virgin now is in your power, and as you mildly courted, so this kiss confirms mee to
900 you.

Can. And my soul to thee.

Never did man meet more felicitie.

Run Vassals run, prepare all sweet delight

For *Cartesmund*a sleeps with me to night.

Enter Harold.

905 *England* shall sleep in peace, for all my force

On *Cartesmund*a's love shall now be spent,

Thy Arms shall be my Arms, thy Bed my Tent.

Har. Defend me Heaven, how is this King transform'd ? my news is not so sad, as is this sight.

Can. Whose there ? *Harold* ? what news ?

910 *Har.* The *English* Princes (mighty Sovereign) seeing your Highness thus forsake the field, threaten fresh war, and *England* will be lost.

Can.

Can. But *Cartesmunda* won, In thee we have all good that *England* holds,

915 All Conquest in these Arms *Canutus* folds.

Hast more to say ?

Har. Yes, but with grief (my Lord) The fair *Elgina*, your beautiful sister, and that only one that made her Sex admir'd, is slain, great King.

920 *Canut.* Give me this Bracelet, I have begg'd it long.

Har. And noble *Erkinwald* lyes murd'red too.

Can. Why now th'art my pretty one, Come, kiss thy *Canutus*.

Har. Had you (my Lord) as I, beheld that sight, the Tyranny of death had sure amaz'd you.

925 *Can.* What does he talk on ?

Car. Do you not mark, my Lord ; he sayes, Your Sister's dead.

Can. Let her be buried then : Remove out of mine eye, thou fright'st my love. Some Musick there : Come *Cartesmunda* kiss me : Go bid our Souldiers hang their Arms up ; Fold up our Ensigns, and
930 unbrace our Drums, *England* is conquer'd, all our Wars are done, and all in this, that *Cartesmunda's* won.--

Excunt. Manet Har.

Har. O strange Inchantment, the sad news I brought, Though now regardless, whilom would have made his eyes start from their orbs to hear of it : O fair *Elgina* ! happy now th'art dead, and dost not live to
935 see thy brothers folly. This is not now *Canutus*, nor his Palace, but rather seems a *Roman* Theatre, and this young *Nero* acting Comedies, with some light Strumpet in bold scenes of Lust ; This change with wonder I behold, and see

That love is powerful o're inferior things,

940 When thus to baseness it transforms great Kings.

Exit.

ACT. III.

Enter Grim and Colliers with Baskets and Sacks.

Grim. Come Bullies, fetch more Coals, and aboard with 'em lustily, shew your selves *Newcastle-men*, not proud, but honest and humble,
945 and such as do not scorn to carry Coals.

1 *Col.* I warrant you Mr. *Grim*, Wee'l send 'em going, *Newcastle* Coals are Hereticks, and must be burnt at *London*.

Excunt Colliers.

Grim. You say well, Wee'l put 'em to water first, and then let 'em put fire in their Tayls afterward.

Enter Randolph.

950 *Rand.* Well said *Grim*, I see thou art not idle.

Grim. No Master, I am Bayly of your Cole-pits, and your Worships Benefactor: I will do what lies in a true servant; Seven hundred black

Indians, or *Newcastle* Collyers, your Worship keeps daily to dive for Treasure five hundred fathom deep for you, and as they bring it up, Ile
955 send it out to your profit, Sir.

Rand. 'Tis well done *Grim*, thy gains will one day be a Gentleman.

Grim. A Gentleman? Nay I hope one day to purchase a Lordship, and all my Collyers under me shall be Ladies, for Ile maintain 'em with
960 black Masks on their faces already; but do you hear Master? I hear there is some disadvantage towards us, and it behoves us to look to't, they say there are a new sort of Colliers crept up neer *London*, at a place call'd *Croydon*, that have found out a way by scorching of wood to make Charcoals, and 'tis to be fear'd this may hinder our Traffick
965 Master.

Rand. How? To make Coals of wood, art sure 'tis so?

Grim. Most certain Sir, but never fear it Master, *Newcastle* Coals shall conquer *Croydon*, we can give a Chaldron of Sea-coals for a sack of Char-coals.

970 *Rand.* Thou say'st well *Grim*; but I hear my brothers ship's return'd with large Advantage, I mean to see him, mean time insist upon rhy care, good *Grim*.

Grim. O sweet Master, Let me go with you, I'd fain see how *Thornton* our Needle-merchant has sped, I doubt me, his Lambs-skin
975 is turn'd to three Sheeps-skins the wrong side outward.

Rand. Come, Let's go; but see they come to us.

Enter Goodgift, his Wife, Thornton and George.

Good. Now brother *Randolph* how is't with you Sir?

Rand. Glad by the happy tydings of your News Sir; Fame has out-
980 strip'd the wind that brought your ships, and tells us of a rich and prosperous Voyage: Ile talk with your Factor, Sir, and know your Purchase.

Good. Do, Do, Mean time Ile talk with *Thornton* here my honest Merchant of Millan Needles; How hast thou sped in thy Voyage, how
985 didst thou brook the Sea?

Grim. I think he was glad to pump over-board; How say you *Thornton*?

Thorn. Tush, Tush, Thou art a Fresh-water Fellow (*Grim.*)

Grim. A Fresh-water Fellow? O disgrace to a Collier! If ever I
990 kill a Whale hand to hand, it shall be thee.

Good. Nay, good *Grim*.

Grim. Mr. *Goodgift*, I pray pardon me: Shall *Grim* the Collyer
that

that has been thus long Controler of the Cole-pits, chief Sergeant of the Selleridge, nay the very Demigorgan of the Dungeon, be call'd a Fresh-
995 water Fellow ?

Good. Quietness, I say, Wee'l have no quarrelling.

Grim. I beseech you Sir, Let's both be let down into a Cole pit five Fathom deep, and he that kills the other, shall be stifled with a Damp, and so you shall never be troubled to hang, nor bury us.

1000 *Good.* Go to, I say, Ile have yee friends again : Come, shake hands.

Grim. Never, unless I may call him, Porpoise, now at single hand, Sir.

Good. I, I, Thou shalt.

1005 *Grim.* Thou ? go thy wayes, thou art a Porpoise, and now I am friends with thee.

Good. So, So, 'Tis well, and now as I was saying, *Thornton*, What Voyage hast thou made to benefit thy hopes, your Halfpenny, and your Lambs-skin ? My Factor tells me here thou hast been careful and diligent, but to the wealth and greatness you expect, I yet hear no-
1010 thing.

Wife. I marry Husband that's the news I look for ; Sir, Come tell us *Thornton*. How have you bestowed the mony that I gave you ?

Thorn. Faith Mistriss, as the rest, my full stock to Sea, you, and my
1015 good friends gave, was five shillings, and putting in at *Preston* for fresh water, I turn'd it there into six Tun of Iron, one of which Tuns I have already sold unto an Anchor-Smith here in *Newcastle* for four pound ; the rest, if I put off so well, will multiply my stock most richly, Mistriss.

1020 *Good.* 'Tis well, but far from hope of wealth and Lordships *Thornton*.

Rand. Yet that re-multiplied again, good brother, may help his Halfpenny and his Lambs-skin somewhat.

Good. Well, well *Thornton*, th'art welcome home however ; So art
1025 thou *George* ; Go see the ship unladed, wee'l go before, and view the Ware-houses.

Fac. I shall Sir.

Good. Come brother, will you go ?

Rand. Yes, Sir ; You'l quarrel no more, if we leave you together
1030 now ?

Grim. No Sir, I mean to borrow some mony of him now.

[D 2]

[*Rand.*]

Rand. That's not his way to thrive ; Look to him *Thornton*.

Exeunt. Manent Thorn. Grim.

Grim. I warrant you Master, wee'l agree well enough ; Ah Sirra, Mr.
1035 *Thornton*, you have got six Tun of Iron already, you must take heed
now that you fall not into some crafty Ironmongers hand to deceive you
of your whole stock ; Look too't, they are hard dealers that deal in Iron ;
if you be gull'd, remember what *Martin* said to his man, Whose the
Fool now ?

1040 *Thorn.* Tush *Grim*, Look there man, my whole stock lies not in
Iron ; a little stock I borrowed of my fellow *George* at Sea, and with it, I
have purchased these Pearles.

Grim. Pearles ? Prethee tell me true : Are they Pearls yfaith ?

Thorn. Pearles ? I, and precious ones too, I hope.

1045 *Grim.* Ha, ha, good Oyster Pearl, worth twelvecence a pound, I
think.

Thorn. No matter man, I cannot lose by them howsoever ; they cost
me little ; I have sent for a Goldsmith a purpose to know the certainty.

Enter a Smith.

1050 *Grim.* That's well, and in the mean time, here comes your first
Chapman : How now good man Iron-fist, Why do you puff and
blow so ?

Smith. O Mr. *Thornton*, I'm ee'n out of breath with seeking you,
unless you stand my friend, I shall be undone for ever.

1055 *Thorn.* Why, what's the matter man ?

Sm. Your Iron, Sir, your Iron, that I bought of you, is not the
mettal I took it for, 'twill do me no good Sir, there will not a nayl be
hammered out of it, when I heat it, it melts, and when 'tis cold agen, it
bends like lead, and if it lye on my hand, I am undone for ever ; I be-
1060 seech you, Sir, take it agen, though I lose ten shillings ith' price I paid
for't.

Thorn. Nay, I must not rise by hurt of any man ; Ile take't agen,
and thou shalt lose no penny. I prethee let me see't, Is this a part on't.

Sm. I, for here's the end of one of the Bars, the poorest peece of
1065 Iron I e're hammered on.

Thor. Well, leave this with me, and bear the rest home to my Ma-
sters Ware-house, thou shalt sustain no loss, thou shalt have thy mony.

Sm. I thank you Sir, Ile bear it back agen, and my wife that yet
curseth you most terribly, shall pray for you most horribly.

1070 *Thorn.* This is strange, my great Venture turn'd to nothing now ?

Grim.

Grim, Faith Mr. *Thonton*, and your pearls prove no better than your Iron, you were best turn Merchant of Lambs-skins again.

Enter Goldsmith.

Thorn. Well I know the worst on't *Grim*, see here comes the Gold-
1075 *smith* that I sent for ; if my Pearls prove as bad as my Iron, I am quite
begger'd yfaith,

Gold. Now Mr. *Thornton* what's your business with me ?

Thor. Your advice in these few pearls sir, and I would know the value of them.

1080 *Golds*. They are fair and round, are they your own sir ?

Thorn. Ile answer the sail of them.

Gold. And have you any more of 'em sir ?

Thor. Some thirty more, and far more orient than these are too.

Golds. Ile give you twenty pound for these two at a venture sir.

1085 *Grim*. You shall have Pearl my dog at that price sir.

Gold. What say you Mr. *Thornton* ?

Thorn. Twenty pound say y' ? there's some hope then towards my half-penny I see. Come sir, Ile make a rash bargain, you are my first Chapman, and shall have first refusal, both in the price of these and all
1090 the rest ; and since you give me this good comfort, sir, pray let me trouble you a little further, you have good skill in Metals sir, pray look on this ; what metal should this be ?

Golds. Let me see it sir, Ile tell you presently.

He touches it with a Touchstone.

1095 *Grim*. A beastly peece of Iron 'tis, it came new from the Forge, old Iron-fist the Smith has been hammering, but he can do no good on't.

Thor. What think you sir ?

Golds. Ha ! fore Heaven, it touches fair, have you any store of this
1100 metal sir ?

Thorn. Yes sir, six Tun I assure you, I brought it for good Iron, but my smal skill has deceiv'd me.

Golds. You were well deceived sir, for if the rest
Of your six Tun with this in trial stand

1105 You're now the richest Subject in the Land.

Thor. Ha ! Gold ? Delude me not I beseech you sir, let me beleeve you plainly. Y'have toucht this peece, and this Ile give you to make good your word.

Golds. Upon my life I will, 'tis perfect gold, and for this Wedge
1110 I will refine it all to its pure lustre, and your infinite profit.

[D 3]

Thorn.

Thorn. I make that bargain with you, this peece is yours, and since you give these hopes, I pray conceal it, and meet me at the Warehouse, there Ile shew you the full six Tun I spake of, and confer.

Golds. I will attend you sir, and tell you thus,

1115 Your Fortunes all are rich and wonderous. *Exit.*

Thor. I have a thankful heart to heaven for't, that's my comfort : Why how now fellow *Grim*, how stand'st thou man ?

Grim. Six Tun of Gold ? O that I durst but imbrace you Mr. *Thornton* !

1120 *Thorn.* Tush man, I prethee do ; Ile ne're forget my self nor thee, I am honest *Thornton*, and thou honest *Grim*.

Grim. Poor *Grim* the Collier sir, but Ile never be your worships equal, you shall be tryumphant Mr. *Thornton*, and I poor *Grim*, your honest friend, and quondam fellow.

1125 *Thorn.* Come, come, no more of this, help me to cast my venture honest *Grim* : Six tun of gold ?

Grim. Most right sir.

Thor. Three pound an ounce, is threescore pounds a pound.

Grim. And that's horrible usury for your worship.

1130 *Thor.* Nay, nay, no worship good *Grim*, this is Heavens blessing thrown on a poor mans head.

Grim. Wo'd I were thrown into a Coal-pit with such a blessing on my back.

Thor. Nay prethee let's reckon further, three pound an ounce, and
1135 threescore a pound, is full sixteen thousand pound a Tun, and doubling that to six times six, comes near to forty hundred thousand pounds, almost four millions.

Grim. O Lord sir ! is not that better than twenty millan Needles that your Lordship had wont to sell amongst the Colliers, and when you came
1140 to *Newcastle*, as your writing says, Here did *Thornton* enter in, with hope, a half-penny, and a Lambs-skin.

Thor. True, true, good *Grim*, and I shall ne'r forget it.

Grim. O that my mother had lapp'd me in a Lambs-skin the first hour of my begetting, for now I see there is no luck to a Lambs-skin, six
1145 Tun of gold at one purchase, and besides all this your Highness does forget the pearls too.

Thor. Nay, nay, no Titles *Grim*, 'tis all heavens blessing still.

Grim. Tis true sir, and I think your Majesty's the richest man—

Thor. Away, away, thou'lt speak Treason anon *Grim*. The wealth
1150 I have I see is infinite, and be thou secret and conceal a while, and Ile re-

[]

ward thee with large recompence.

Enter Smith.

Grim. I am your Vassal sir, and will be obedient to your Excellence in all things. But see the foolish Smith is return'd to see you.

Thor. Prethee be silent. How now honest Smith, hast thou sent
1155 home the iron?

Smith. O yes sir, I thank Heaven I have rid my hands of it, you have made me a man Mr. *Thornton*, my house is quiet, my wife silent, I have carried home your leaden iron, return me my silver back agen, and my wife and I shall pray for you when you are dead and rotten.

1160 *Thor.* Well sir, with all my heart. I received four pound; Look you sir, there 'tis, all your full sum to a penny.

Smith. Sweet Mr. *Thornton*, shall I not give you four pots for all this kindness? pray sir, 'tis fit I should lose something.

Thor. No, no, I'm satisfied.

1165 *Grim.* Do you hear ancient Iron-fist, the old Smith of *Newcastle*, I can tell you one thing, if the Almanack or Erra-pater be true, youle hang your self ere to morrow morning.

Smith. How, hang my self!

Thor. Nay, prethee *Grim*, thou wilt discover all anon.

1170 *Grim.* No I warrant you sir, I do it but to work a little profit. Do you hear Smith, what shall I give you for the ashes and rubbish that came off of that old Iron that you refused now?

Smith. How? the ashes? marry I mean to sweep 'em out of my shop when I come home yfaith, for fear they infect the rest. What wilt thou
1175 do with 'em?

Grim. That's all one, Let me have all the ashes and the peeces you broke off that Bar you brought to Mr. *Thornton*, and Ile give thee five shillings.

Smith. Five shillings? Ile not be said to gull you Mr. *Grim*, but an youle give me a groat ready money, th'are yours.

1180 *Grim.* A bargain: There's your groat.

Smith. The ashes, and all the peeces of iron are yours sir.

Grim. Bear witness Mr. *Thornton*, come, Ile go fetch 'em presently, y'ad best make haste, your dismal day's to morrow, you know what I told you, and unless you rid your self of 'em quickly, you will hang
1185 your self, that's certain.

Exeunt. Manet Thornton.

Thorn. Ha! Have my hopes ore-tane me? think on't *Thornton*, and thank Heaven for't; here at *Newcastle* first

In low estate, did *Thornton* enter in,

With hope, a half-penny, and a Lambs-skin,

1190 And now my large Accounts, of wealth scarce told,

I keep possession of six Tun of gold.
 The blessings strange, and I must now resolve
 To tie my vows to my auspicious fate,
 Lest the world curse, and Heaven call me ingrate ;

1195 To make of this my gold a household God,
 Were meer Idolatry, no't shall fly abroad :
Newcastle, to thy good, large sums of love
 My promise oweth, which ile pay, and prove,
 To grace thy fame, Ile beautifie thy ground,

1200 And build a wall that shall imbrace thee round. *Exit.*

*Musick. Enter Cartesmunda, and discovereth Canutus asleep,
 Attendants, Osrick.*

Car. That *Musick* is too loud, tread softly sirs ; How sweetly in his
 sleep *Canutus* looks ? Ile not envy thee *Juno*, keep thy *Jove*, here lies
 1205 the soul of *Cartesmunda's* love. Now by this kiss *Canutus* I do love thee,
 thou needst not dream it, fie, fie, sluggard fie, beshrew the God of
 dreams, what, did he fright thee ? Or art thou fighting of some battel
 now, wherein thou seest me taken prisoner, and startst with fear of that ?
 There's nothing else that could afright thee, though it came like thunder,
 1210 for thou wert made for *Armes*, and for these *Arms* ; and yet thy sword
Canutus did not win me. I saw these eies, when I refus'd to love thee,
 begin to lose their splendor, and in tears drown their neglected brightness.
 I have seen this face half dead when I have frown'd upon't, and with my
 smiles life has return'd agen ; go, go, you wanton, by this kiss Ile beat you.

1215 *Can.* How now Sweet-heart ?

Car. Art thou awake my Love ? then I am well.

Can. Well *Cartesmunda*, sleep, and I will watch as careful as the ten-
 der Pellican stands by her tender young ; give me a kiss potent as *Bac-*
chus to raise appetite, and let's go sleep together, if I get a Boy upon
 1220 thy youth, he shall be King, and half the world shall be his Dower.

Knocks within.

Whose that knocks so rudely for his death ? hath not the slave describ'd
 the noyse ? *Enter Hofman.*

Hof. Osr. It is Duke *Harold*, sir, intreats access.

1225 *Can.* He does not chuse his time well. Let him in. *Enter Harold.*

Osr. The King is angry sir.

Har. Angry, sayst thou ? holy Saints defend us, 'has foes enough to
 vent his spleen upon, and not to shrowd himself thus from his friends.
 Most mighty Prince.

1230 *Can.* Rise *Harold*, we co'd chide you ; But go on.

Har

Har. Pardon (my speech my Lord) it is my duty, and I must needs make bold to tell your Highness, y're no Souldier but a Love-sick Prince, And while you dally out your daies in love, the *English* all are raising head against you, the Garrisons that kept *Northumberland* are
1235 chas'd as far as *York*, two thousand *Danes*, died in that bloody slaughter. And now again those warlike Princes all their Forces joyn, and seek you forth.

Can. Fetch me some wine, wee'l drink to all their deaths that dare disturb us ; *Cartesmunda*, thou shalt sweetly pledge me, come
1240 faster slave. *Dance.*

Thus in this wine wee'l wash away all care,
My pleasures and my conquest all are here.
Come pledge me sweet.

Har. The Duke of *Thetfords* Forces raised in *Norfolk*, have quite
1245 expuls'd the *Danes*, the *English* Nobles bound to your State by conquest and by oath, forsake Allegiance, and with sound of Drums proclaim Prince *Alured* the *English* King.

Can. Ho, ha, ha. *Cart.* Why laughs my Love?

Can. To see thee pledge me such a hearty draught.

1250 *Har.* You see my Lord hee's careless, and neither minds us nor his persons safety.

Os. Most Royal sir, what order for your forces?

Can. Let's have some musick strait ; Come *Cartesmunda* wee'l dance out half this day, and that being done, we will retire our selves and
1255 sleep agen. Why, when yee slaves? do your souls sleep within you? here's good musick. *Dance.*

Har. So was the warlike Drum and Trumpet once, great *Har-diknute* the glory of the *Danes*. Thy Son plays now the King.

Enter a Captain

1260 *Capt.* Hail mighty King.

Can. Thunder to thee ; Foot can we not be private?

Capt. Alas my Leige my news is of importance.

Can. So is my pleasure slave, avoid our presence, thou and the rest that come to fill our ears with tumults and with bloody Massacres, fright-
1265 ing my heavenly Love, for whose sweet sake let men fall thicker than the checker'd leaves, the stern winds rend and ravish from the tree, when yellow Autum turns them into gold. *Flourish.*

Be gone, come *Cartesmunda* let's retire,
We will not stir were all the world on fire.

Ex.

Osric.

E

1270 *Osr.* Is this the end of all our former conquests? to be re-conquer'd
now with wine and women?

Har. I, this is she that bears so high a stroak, we dare not shake
our heads for fear we loose 'em; if she but dreams a dream that not
delights her, next morning there are some are sure to bleed for 't, whose
1275 lot so ere it be.

Osr. Wo'd it were mine, my Lords, so she co'd dream, and it would
come to pass, the Devil might fetch her.

Har. This twelve month sir, he has not touch'd his Armor, nor been
ith'field to chear his Souldiers.

1280 *Osr.* We now must make as great a suit to see him, as if we beg'd
for Tipes of dignity.

Cap. No more, I see your griefs and all our ruins, if we keep si-
lent thus. Ile speak to him, and venture life for such a general good, if
my plots fail, my tongue shall boldly speak
1285 To touch his baseness, though I lose my head,
Ile die, or win him from this strumpets bed.
Fear not to second me.

Har. Not I, were death assur'd, Ile first begin,
A Souldiers best fight is to beat down sin.

1290 *Enter Canutus and a Guard.*

Can. Double my Guards about her, I will prove
There's no happiness on earth but love.

Cap. Most mighty Prince.

Can. Audacious Traytor, wherefore com'st thou to us, did we not
1295 charge thee to avoid the presence.

Cap. Your Father (Royal Sir) knew me a Souldier, and I have
fought for you, yet if you please, so I may speak, make me your hum-
ble Martyr.

Can. Slave what wouldst thou say?

1300 *Cap.* That which my life shall prove
Y'ave lost your conquest in a womans love.
Could you unty the vail *Cupid* has bound about your eyes and forehead,
you wo'd find she were not all so fair as you esteem her, Nature was never
so impartial to give to one to rob a million, arm but your self and lead
1305 your Souldiers forth to win another City, you shall find her beauty far
out-strip'd, sacred Leige, if like a young man you take counsel ill,
Destroy me quickly, it shall be my fame
I di'd to win you from a Strumpets shame.

Can.

Can. Thou'st spoke enough to damn thee, Impudent Traytor, go
1310 dye unpittied; Though thou hast my hate, thou shalt not have the honor
of my sword to take away thy life, you of our Guard; See a base death
performed upon this Slave.

Capt. Farewel my Leige you once must have a grave.

Exit with Guard.

1315 *Har.* My Resolution's firm, and I will speak, though hell shu'd
gape to swallow me alive; What's he that's gon to death my So-
vereign?

Can. A Traytor (*Harold*) to my best content.

Har. O pardon sir, your rage has lost a man of more true worth
1320 then all this Nation; He was not of that strain of Counsellors, that like
a tuft of Rushes in a Brook, bends every way the current turns it self,
yeelding to every puff of Appetite that comes from Majesty, but with
true zeal he faithfully declared the grief of all: Pardon me (*great*
Canutus) I must speak, and let thy subject on his knee intreat, the
1325 Kingly Lion yet to rouze his strength,
And chase those *English* that do only wound,
Because our Rescuer will not be found.

Can. Fond man, how dar'st thou check our Appetite: Hast thou
forgot, our frown can strike thee dead.

1330 *Har.* I know't, and willingly lay down my head;
For 'tis more honor by thy wrath to dye,
Then living to behold thy misery,
Which sure is coming on.

Can. Let it make haste. Wee'l beat it back with our triumphant
1335 Hoast.

Har. You cannot, till you beat that wanton hence; She has bewitch'd
your senses (*mighty Lord*)
Her Tresses, like to Adamantine Chains,
Have let all heat but lust out of you veyns;
1340 When she is gone, your valor you'l assume,
But while she staves, she doth your state consume.

Can. No more: Go bid the Captains meet me in the Hall; Tell 'em
to morrow early wee'l come down;
And in strange kind to all your eyes wee'l shew
1345 We can command our self as well as you. *Away.*

Har. Ile do your will, and hope for good event.

Exit.

Can. There is no hell on earth but discontent.

I feel my blood grows chil, a sudden qualm in a deep Læthe seems to
drown my joyes. *Enter Cartes.*

1350 But here comes she, by whom those thoughts are gon,
Earths happiness, at whose creation
Nature spent all her stock : Welcome my love to make our joyes full,
Go adorn thy self in all the richest Jems my Coffers yeelds; Wear all the
Jewels purchas'd with my crown, and out-shine *Dian* in a Robe of
1355 stars.

Cart. For what, my Lord ?

Can. To please mine eyes, and make all men admire thy Radencie.
Thy Beauty shall out-brave the glorious Sun, *Florish.*
Somewhat *Canu't* must do to be talk'd on. *Exeunt.*

1360 *Enter Mr. Randolph, and his Sister in Mourning.*

Rand. Fie Sister, weep no more, 'tis time to lay by grief, and with
the death of your late husband, now bury your sorrows.

Wife. Shu'd I forget so soon so good a husband ?

Rand. His goodness was your good, your late dead husband has left
1365 you rich, and full Executrix to be over-seen by Mr. *Thornton*, whose
care I cannot pass without some note ; For though his wealth be rays'd
to Infinites, he not forgets a servants love.

Wife. Alas good brother, I have woo'd him from it.

Rand. How Sister have you woo'd him ?

1370 *Wife.* I, from civility, Methinks 'tis unmannerly in me, to see a man
so much in state the better, to be so like a servant to me ; I tell you I have
woo'd him from it.

Rand. I think 'twere better far he woo'd you Sister.

Wife. Woo'd me ? For what ?

1375 *Rand.* For Love Sister.

Wife. O fie, good Brother : The very word would wrong my
husbands grave.

Rand. Tush, a Womans Sorrow, has been in black to day, in green
to morrow.

1380 *Wife.* I, but I am none of those : No, no, Ile never marry.

Rand. Come, you are foolish, think upon him, Sister, Hee's a rich
man, I tell you. Hee's now the wealthiest subject *England* hath.

Wife. O but my Husband !

Rand. Which of 'em ? he that's gone, or this to come ? Think of
1385 Mr. *Thornton*.

Wife. Alas, I am not his equal :

Rand.

Rand. Tush you were once his Better, hee's humble still.

Wife. Well, Ile speak no more on't.

Rand. Well, think on't then.

1390 *Wife.* Hey, ho, Hee's a very honest man truly, and had my husband dyed but two months ago, I might ha' thought on't.

Rand. How fare you Sister?

Wife. As a green widow sir; Pray if you see Mr. *Thornton*, say I'd speak with him. *Enter Thornton and a Workman.*

1395 *Rand.* Are you there yfaith Sister; See, hee's here already.

Thorn. Spare for no cost, and ply the Workmen hard, Ile pay 'em all, they shall not want for mony; have you tane the compass of the Wall?

Work. We have, to a foot sir.

1400 *Thorn.* How many Towers of strength may be erected, dividing each distance by a hundred paces.

Work. 'Tis cast already, and the compass falls,
A hundred fourscore Towers to grace the Walls.

Thorn. How high de'you raise the Walls?

1405 *Work.* As you directed sir, full a hundred foot.

Thorn. Right, and twelve in breadth.

Work. Just so sir, 'twill be a pleasant walk to view the Town:

Thorn. So I wo'd have it; And therefore from the highest erect a Battlement above the Platform four foot high a' both sides, both to
1410 secure, and make the place more pleasant; See it rais'd so.

Work. I shall sir.

Wife. O my dear Husband!

Thorn. Why, how now Mistriss?

Wife. O Mr. *Thornton*, I never see you, but I think of a good hus-
1415 band.

Rand. I marry Sister, that's a pretty cast.

Thorn. Your pardon I beseech you gentle Mistriss; Your Factor and myself have summ'd your state, and find it cleerly, all your debts discharg'd, in compleat value fifteen thousand pound.

1420 *Rand.* Ha, ha, Sister, a good Dowry to get a new husband, trust me.

Wife. No, no, Ile nere marry again; Ile e'en follow Mr. *Thorntons* rule, you see he lives a Batchellor.

Rand. Sir, Methinks 'twere good you took a wife, and so leave your
1425 own to your own posterity.

Thorn. In all, Ile take my Mistress counsel: Pray resolve me, Had

I, a mind to marry, which in your judgement were the fitter, a Maid, or Widow ?

Wife. Truly, I think a Widow sir, you may imagine, I may speak
1430 somewhat in mine own Flattery ; but alas, 'tis a state I shall not change !
'Tis for your good, I speak in love, no hate,
A Widow sir, will best secure your state.

Thorn. You counsel well Mistriss, and Ile think on't.

Wife. The sooner the better too, I can assure you ; you'll find much
1435 comfort in't, you may elect some young green thing out of a Mayden
choyce, that may be fury and froward, she may please your eye a little,
and other parts about you, but vex your heart, and be a gulph to swallow
your estate ; If you'll deal wisely (as I hope you will) take me a Widow,
that knows how and what to do, that has been season'd in a husbands
1440 usage, and one that will obey as you shall honor :
He that will quietly lay down his head,
Let him contract a Widow to his bed.
And still I say, take me a Widow, sir.

Rand. Why, you say honestly Sister ; Do you understand her sir ;
1445 she bids you take her a Widow.

Wife. You are merry Brother.

Thorn. Nay you said so Mistriss, speak 't agen then, for by my Faith,
wer't not for two things Mistriss, I'd come a wooing to you.

Rand. Two things ? Why three things shall not hinder it ; What
1450 are they ?

Thorn. My first fear is, the marriage of so much wealth as ours
compounded, would choak all content, and with the superflux change
all to cares.

Rand. You take good course for that already, sir, your charitable
1455 works so well begun, will help to disperse the o're-plus freely.

Thorn. You have removed that well, the other is, that the remem-
brance of my poor estate, which is so publicly proclaimed to all men,
might make my wealthy Mistriss here disdain me.

Wife. Nay, that's your glory, sir, and cannot be accounted as your
1460 shame.

Rand. Why La sir, she has helpt that her self now.

Thorn. Yfaith, say then Mistriss (I am a bad Wooer, 'tis my be-
ginning) shall it be a match ?

Wife. I cannot so forget my late lost husband.

1465 *Rand.* Why, this repairs your losses, Sister, you lost a good one,
and find his equal with a wealthy purchase.

[*Thorn.*]

Thor. Put me in hope that I may once enjoy you.

Wife. I will not marry, sir, these seven years, trust me.

Rand. How? this seven years Sister? fie upon't, we may be all
1470 dead and rotten six years before it; come, come, speak in compass
sister.

Wife. Truly Brother under half a year I won't here on't.

Rand. I marry sir, that was well bated. Speak agen Sister, and let it be
a fortnight.

1475 *Wife.* A fortnight? no, no, not this month, beleeve me.

Ran. Away, away, a months too long, hark you sister, wee'l clap it
up privately to night, and the Town shall not know on't till a moneth
hence.

Wife. To night? O fie upon't! an you love me Brother let it not
1480 be till to morrow morning, I beseech you, for the speech of people.

Ran. Afraid of wind? tush let it vanish Sister, I say he shall marry
thee to night.

Thor. Let it be so, and here's an earnest Mistris. *Kiss.*

Wife. Alas I kiss coldly in a morning Gown sir,

1485 *Thor.* Tush it shall off; wee'l marry, then to bed,
Wooing is idle, better to be sped.

Wife. Use your own will sir.

Ran. Why, so, 'tis as it sho'd be now; imbrace him sister,
And live in love and wealth, 'bove all admir'd,
1490 Here's seven years quickly in an hour expir'd. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 4.

*Enter King of Scots, Alured, Malcome, Edmond, and Captains,
Drums and Colours.*

K. Thus far tryumphantly with good success, my Princely friends we
1495 have together march'd, and from the North parts quite disperst the
Danes, alone the City *York* holds firm again, whose buildings we will
level with the earth, unless they suddenly yeeld up the City; give
your advice most Princely *Alured*, on your fair quarrel all our Fates
depend.

1500 *Alu.* Your Highness has been fruitful in your love, bringing the best
that *Scotland* can afford, in honorable Armes to right our wrong, let's
forward then, and dare 'em to the Gates, our horses hoofs shall fur-
row up their Land, and sow the fields with blood instead of corn.

Cap. Spoke like the Brother of dead *Etheldred*, summon 'em to
1505 the Wals. Drums beat a parly.

Enter

Enter Above, Harrold, and Souldiers.

Har. The meaning of this Parly.

King. *Danes* yee see all hope of Conquest has forsaken you quite,
Two thousand of your stoutest Souldiers are faln already by our conque-
1510 ring swords, if ye will yeeld affirm it, if not death shall in his meagre fu-
ry through your Host, revel and catch your Jubile. Then tell us, do you
resolve to fight it out or fly.

Mal. Or stay and have your throats cut in the fight?

Edm. Or leap the wals, and break your necks before us?

1515 *Mal.* Resolve so quickly, and save us a labor.

Har. Yes, with immediate speed, set ope the gates
And like a torrent on their heads wee'l fall,
The Field and Air shall be their burial.

King. If there we fall, our fame out-lasts times date
1520 On to the field, blest with propitious fate. *Exeunt.*

*Alarm, Excursions. Enter King, Alured, Malcome, Ed-
mond, Captains.*

K. All earthly honors are thine own, fair Prince, and Heaven fights in
thy cause, the Cities taken.

1525 *Alu.* The *Danes* are all expuls'd and fled for safety.

Edm. The *Danes* are fled from danger, not from shame
That still pursues 'em wheresoere they fly
And on their Tombs shall live eternally.

Mal. Let's seek the Love-sick King *Canutus* forth,
1530 And in one Battel try his valors worth.

Alu. That's our intent most noble *Malcome*, but we must war se-
curely, all their strength will now be bandied to oppose our coming, and
therefore whilst you here refresh your Army, Duke *Edmond* and my
self will try our friends, and in these North parts gather up new Forces to
1535 aid us 'gainst all *Danish* stratagems.

King. We like it well, assist us gracious Fate,
To seat a true Prince in his Royal state. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Thornton, Wife, Randolph, the Partners, Workmen, and
George, with the table of the writing in golden Letters,
1540 and Grims speech.*

Part. Y've stoln a wealthy marriage Mr. *Thornton* unwares to all
the Town, but we are glad we are so well deceived.

Thor. Faith Gentlemen, it was not to abridge the Nuptial Feast, for
that shall have his full Solemnity, but from some private causes of my
1545 Mistris. *Whose*

Whose power retains all former dutie from me,
And as a Servant still she shall command me.

Wife. Not so sir, I resign that title now, my self and state are onely
by your power to be dispos'd and sway'd.

1550 *Rand.* I, well said sister : This match was richly made, with liking and
with joy to all the Country. And Brother *Thornton* (so Ile call you now)
I came prepar'd to give you fit surrender of the last Bargain which you
purchas'd of me.

Thor. Your Coal-pits and your Servants Brother *Randolf*.

1555 *Rand.* Yes sir, and look you, this is the Orator must speak for all,
in his mouth they have put the Law and willingness they have to
serve.

Enter Grim.

Thor. Who honest *Grim* ?

Grim. Yes sir, and I am the Prologue to the Play,

1560 And for them all I have to say.

Seven hundred men in sable wise,
From forth the Coal-pits shall arise,
Not melting men made out of wax,
But such as use Spade and Pick-ax.

1565 Who when you bid 'em use their skills
Shall make a Dale of *Mauburn* hils,
Then raise a Mount as high as *Poles*
And turn it strait to burning coals.

Thor. This speech I think was pen'd on purpose.

1570 *Grim.* I speak deep things, some sir, of 50 fathom deep, I do it
de profundis, and no disparagement to the Author, that which I have
spoken was in as
Good ryme as ent'ring in,
With hope, a half-penny, and a Lambs-skin.

1575 *Thor.* Ha, ha, thou hit'st me there yfaith.

Grim. I give you a taste sir, how you shall find me here, and as for
my seven hundred followers they are honest *Tartarians*, and whosoever
deals with 'em shall find them grim fellows I assure you.

Thor. *Grim* thou wert always honest, and on my word thy love shall
1580 have reward.

Baily. Sir, all your works, both finished and intended, are pious,
holy, and religious.

Part. And in the goodness if you still persever
You build your self a house in Heaven for ever.

1585 *Thor.* Heaven have the praise of ail, and look ye Gentlemen. Reach
me

me the Table *George*, I have here repair'd the copy of my first arrival here, which yet hangs up insculp'd on a tiles hard ; but now 'tis rectifi'd in golden Letters, with the same phrase stil, onely thus alter'd, Here at this West-gate first, came *Thornton* in

1590 *Grim*. With hope, a halfpenny, and a Lambs-skin.

I remember that still sir.

Georg. How now *Grim*, are you so sawcy Sirrah ?

Thor. 'Tis well done *Grim*, I'd ha't remembred ever, go place it ore the gate that all may view it, and witness these great blessings heaven
1595 has sent. The reason why I urge this Register,
To have my memory thus kept in store,
Is not my wealth, but to record me poor.

Go see it done.

Ex. Workmen, George

George. For ever may it stand to your renown.

1600 *Part*. And all succeeding fame,

While this Town stands still honor *Thorntons* name.

Thorn. Amidst these poor indeavors of my love, my careful Master must not be forgot, whose Heir I am become, and for his sake, I will re-edifie *Alhallows* Church, where in the peaceful bed of death he sleeps,
1605 and build a Tomb for him cut out in Touchstone, which in our *Persian* Voyage was return'd, from whence my golden Mineral arriv'd.

Grim. In the likeness of old iron sir.

Thorn. I, thou say'st true *Grim*.

Grim. I have wondered a thousand times old Iron-fist the Smith did
1610 not hang himself for refusing the first Tun of it, a whoreson Cox-comb.

Wife. They say you got somewhat by it *Grim*.

Grim. Alas Mistris, a few chips or so, some ten pounds worth for a groat, I think I bought on him,

Shout,

1615 *Rand*. How now, what mean these shouts ?

Grim. I think there's some Match at Foot-bal towards, the Colliers against the whole Country cut, and long tail.

Enter George

Thor. What's the News good *George* ?

George Prince *Alured* and *Edmond* Duke of *Thetford* are newly
1620 lighted, and desire to speak with the Town Magistrates.

Thor. We shall with joy receive him as our Prince, and wish he had as free possession of this whole Kingdom, as this Town shall give him.

Enter Alured and Edmond.

All. See where he comes ; All duty to your Highness.

1625 *Alu*. Rise Gentlemen, we have your hearts, forbear your knees,
your

your true Allegaince hath proclaim'd it self that never yeelded yet to for-
reign Scepter, you have fortified your walls 'gainst all invasions
And in that circuit gloriously she stands
With kind imbraces to infold your friends.

1630 *Thor.* Our Town, our selves, our lives are all your homigers, as the
most lawful and indubitate Heir,
To our late Sovereign Lord, and to your Throne.
We fall as Subjects, you we know our own.

Alu. My best of thanks is due to my best friends. Which is the
1635 man amongst yee Gentlemen that bears the name of *Thornton*?

Thor. Your Subject and your Servant, Royal sir.

Alu. Let me imbrace you sir, and tell you this, your goodness speaks
you nobly : *England* is fam'd in this fair Town, much honored by
your vertues. Our Countries conquest by these *Danish* wars
1640 Have not such blazon from our shame exhal'd,
As these your good deeds now have countervail'd.

Thor. I can do nothing but my duty sir.

Alu. 'Tis worthy praise in all, and trust me Gentlemen, we have
good hope to see a happy day, and once again make *England* singular,
1645 Free in herself and Princes. I came now with my best Hors-manship from
the *Scotch* Army, whose Royal King in Neighbor amity, is arm'd in my
just cause, has past the *Tweed* with prosperous forrage through *Nor-*
thumberland, all Holds and Castles taken by the *Danes* restore them-
selves to his subjection in our behalf. The City *York* is won, from whence
1650 I came.

Ed. And whilst we forrage thus, their King *Canutus*, doating on
the beauties of *Cartesmunda* Nun of *Winchester*,
Of his estate so careless now is grown,
Hee'l put no arms but *Cartesmunda's* on.

1655 *Thor.* Go forward noble Princes, your work's good, and to incou-
rage it, ten thousand pounds Ile lend your grace to leavy Souldiers, which
if you never pay, Ile never aske, and for my own employment to your
aid, Ile lend (if you will honor me so far) all the full strength *New-*
castle can afford, I have seven hundred men that call me Master.

1660 *Grim.* Besides *Grim* the chief Controler sir.

Thor. Very true sir, and these Ile four times double,
And three months shall their charge be mine alone,
To back your Right and seat you in your Throne.

Alu. Your bounty and your love exceeds all means of president and
1665 recompence.

Thor. Tis but my duty still, which Ile not slack, go *Grim* and muster my seven hundred Colliers, to them ile add two thousand more of our *Newcastle* strength, and thou shalt be an Officer to conduct 'em.

Grim. For a Corporal or so, let me alone with my Squadron, I dare
1670 undertake with my seven hundred Colliers in six days, under ground, to march to *London*, they shall dig their way themselves too.

Rand. And know 'tis two hundred miles.

Grim. That's nothing, Ile march forty miles a day with 'em at pleasure, there is no Pioneer to be compared to a Collier in his Coal-pit, if youle
1675 have a dozen Cities as we go, undermin'd and blown up, give but every man a bushel of Apples to his Breakfast, and you shall hear the wind roar and shake the ground like an Earthquake.

Thor. Well sir, wee'l try their valors ; go *George*, get Armor ready, and *Grim*, get thou a Drum and Marshal 'em.

1680 *Grim.* If you wo'd rake hell and Phlegitan, Acaron and Barrathrum, all those Low Countries cannot yeeld you such a company. Tara, ra, ra, ra, ra, O brave Master, now for a company of conquering Colliers. Come *George*. *Exit.*

Thor. Now would it please my Leige so far to grace his humble
1685 Subjects and their new built Town to take a homely Banquet, we sho'd think 'twere royal Neighborhood to heat our buildings.

Alu. We cannot be unkind, though to your hurt, we will dispense with our great hast so long, and then from Banquets unto Battels fly ; Which Heaven (we hope) will guide successfully. *Exeunt.*

1690 *Enter Harold, Huldrick, Osrick, Captains, and Lords of Denmark.*

Hul. Go let our Drums and Trumpets spight of fear, thunder aloud i'th Air, and tell *Canutus*, his Captains do attend to speak with him he promis'd to come down.

1695 *Har.* Yes down toth'earth.

Hul. And in the shameful ruins he prepares with lust, and murder, bury up his name, he's known by nothing but a large defame, the City *York* for want of aid is lost, and still the foe pursues, if thus we stand to sooth him in this sin, our conquest dies.

1700 And we in blood must end our victories, 'sfoot sound and call him.

Enter Hoffman.

Hof. Give your attendance Lords, the King is coming.

A flourish, and Drums and Trumpets.

Hul. 'Tis time he sho'd, he has been absent long
1705 And done his honor, fame[,] and Country wrong.

[How]

How did he take your reprehension *Harold*?

Har. It startled him at first, but when with mildness he did appoint this general meeting to us, to what good purpose it inclines I know not.

1710 *Osr.* I hope the best, see here he comes, my Lord.

Florish. Enter *Canutus* leading *Cartesmunda*, richly attired and deckt with Jewels, *Hofman*, and Gentlemen attending.

Can. Where are our Vassals, attend your charge, and our delight, with all your best of care and diligence, or by those stars whose influence
1715 made me great; you dye in Torments all, let not the Sun extort from her bright Rayes, to give him lustre (or if inamor'd as we know he is) unless the Alpes have frozen up his Flames.

Let him not on her smooth front dart his heat,
No, not for all his glory or arched seat.

1720 *Omnus.* All health and honor to the great *Canutus*.

Can. Rise in our favor, vail thy face my love, we must not have thee seen too much by slaves.

Cap. Content, attend the King and his fair love.

Osr. Long may she be the Mistriss of his youth:

1725 *Cap.* And give him heaven on earth.

Har. And hell to boot: S'death shall we flatter thus?

Can. So, now you crouch and fawn like daunted Curs that dare not look the Lion in the face; Come *Cartesmunda* mount *Canutus* Throne.
Flourish.

1730 Let me unvail thy face, and tell me now, which of you all that thus have tax'd my lightness, cu'd (if possess of such a Jem as this) less value it then I: What think'st thou *Osrick*?

Osr. I have not seen the like.

Can. Nor ever shall, what Nature had in store was given to her,
1735 And can one crown'd with such a heavenly weight,
Live and forgo this Center of delight.

Hul. Let not these vain Affections (Royal Lord) sway you from reason thus.

Can. Ha! What is he?

1740 *Hul.* Do you not know me sir? the time has been, when in thy Bat-tels *Huldrick* has been seen knee deep in blood, cutting his way by force, careless of life to free thy Royal person, and does your Mightiness not know me now? Then hear the news I bring to comfort you:
The *Danes* once stil'd by Names of Conquerors, are now subdued and
1745 slain, The King of *Scots* banded together with the *English* forces, have late

at *York* o'rethrown our Garrisons, and now to *London* march victoriously, defacing all, thy conquer'd Cities burn ;
 And in their falls, the flames do rise so high,
 They seem to light the Tapers of the skie.

1750 And since Fames Trump which oft hath summon'd thee, is not so potent
 as to draw thee forth, thy honor bids me dare thee to the Field, if thy
 high spirit be not extinct by Lust : Let's arm our selves for
 shame.

Can. Traytor, thou hast deserved death ere thou dyest ; and this thy
 1755 proud presume shall break thy neck, for chafing our high blood ; O
 love thou art unjust, I feel assaults far sharper in my breast, then all the
English Forces, 'gainst this wall ; now love and honor, with their oppo-
 site powers

Afflicts my soul, and with their vertuous strife,
 1760 Plead for my Love, my Honor, Fame, and Life ;
 With this mans words, my passions strongly move,
 He for my honor speaks. Honor, but Love
 I am thy Martyr now, and must go on,
 For what is Honor but Addition,
 1765 Got in our pride of youth ; yet stay *Canutus*, think of thy wonted
 Fame, go on and conquer. Give me my horse, and I will quickly quell
 'um.

Cartes. What will *Canutus* do ?

Can. O *Cartesmunda*, with that heavenly voyce, already I am
 1770 chang'd, stern War remains ; Kiss me, and kiss me dead, my best of
 Loves.

Osr. Hee's chang'd agen.

Hul. This Strumpets eye, does sure bewitch him with her Sorcery ;
 Ile not indure this shame. *Enter a Post.*

1775 *Post.* Where is my Lord ?

Can. Where thou shalt not be long : What wouldst thou Villain ?

Post. Arm mighty Prince, we have descried at hand, the Horse and
 Ensigns of the *English* Army, troop'd with their Leaders like the gods
 of War, who in bright steel, the fields do stoutly bear.

1780 *Can.* And there seek that which thou vile Dog shalt have ; Comest
 thou to fright my Love ? *Kills him.*

Hul. Do not expose a mighty Nation, thus naked, to the Tyranny of
 Lust, *Canutus.*

Can. Traytor.

Hul.

1785 *Hul.* As thou art great, be just, Let not a Strumpets love, work all
our Ruines; the Enemie's at hand, and from thy side; Ile force this painted
Whore.

Car. Help me *Canutus*.

Hul. What, can you cry?

1790 *Can.* Wer't thou *Joves* Mynion, slave, thou thus had'st dy'd
Canutus runs at him, catches her up in his arms, and runs
upon his sword.

Hul. Ile meet it thus,

And dying so my end is glorious.

1795 *Car.* Oh I am slain!

Hul. I have my happy wish then, Welcome death,

I dyed (*Canutus*) to preserve thy breath. *Dyes.*

Can. Sink down to hell; What has my rashness done?

O *Cartesmunda*, stay thy fainting breath,

1800 Thou still shalt live with me in spight of death:

Car. My Fate is come, great King, my vestal Vow, that broken, with
my wish is faln upon me.

For your fair love I fayl'd my faith with heav'n,

And from your hand my death is justly given.

1805 Such was my former wish, farewell *Canutus*.

And with my fall may thy great Fame arise,

Poor *Cartesmunda*, thus untimely dyes. *Dyes.*

Can. May all the world dye with thee; now I see

The heavens envy an earthly Diety.

1810 *Har.* Brave *Huldrick* that durst dye for Countries good,

And for our freedom spent thy life and blood.

Canut. Ha, sit you weeping there; or has Amazement turn'd you
into stone,

That like men gasping all *Medusia's* stand,

1815 To see my Love thus fall by mine own hand:

Our Self will instantly be in the Field, and scourge the *English* pride and

Inhabitants. Sound up'our Drum, and call our Troops together, and

arm with speed, Ile to the Field, and fight; Farewel dear Love, whom

I of life bereft, for which unwilling Act, O pardon me:

1820 *Canutus* arms, a while shall be thy Tomb,

Then gold inclose thee till the day of Doom.

Exeunt.

[*Act.*]

ACT. V.

At one Door, *Enter Canutus, Harold, Captains, with Drum and Colours.*

1825 At the other, *Malcol. Alured, Edm. Drum, with Colours.*

Can. How harsh these Drums sound now, that once like Musick, did more delight mine ear than *Orpheus* Lute ;
Sweet *Cartesmunda's* death my senses kill,
Like one long sick, I relish all things ill. *Enter all the Colliers.*

1830 *Har.* Courage my Lord, see where the *English* stand braving your Mightiness : Let's set upon 'em, and never leave till to their mother Earth they pay their lives as Tribute. Now, what sayes *Canutus* ?

Can. That ye are all Rebels.

Om. Eng. Rebels ?

1835 *Alu.* Stay let him speak it out.

Can. An hundred thirteen years, the *English* Kings have paid to *Denmark*, and our Ancestry an annual Tribute of ten thousand pounds, which you unjustly and rebelliously detain from me, a lawful successor.

Alur. 'Tis true *Canutus*, that the *Denmark* Kings, so long our
1840 native Island hath usurp'd, and whilst they kept within their *Danish* bounds, and left us to enjoy our own in peace, we justly paid our homage Fealty. But since your Father *Hardiknute* arose, and you succeeding him, neither content with that our Tribute, but would further seek our utter Extirpation, which five and twenty years you have attempted,
1845 planting here your selves in *Norfolk, Suffolk*, and in *Cambridgeshire*, erecting Garrisons through all our Kingdom against the Laws of former Articles, we now resolve to spend our Royal blood, and either counter-vail our former loss, or hazard all we hold, by doubtful battel.

Can. That is your answer then ?

1850 *Omnes.* Resolvedly for all.

Can. Now by the high, and Royal blood of Kings.

Edm. Swear by the beauteous Nun of *Winchester* ; you oft have kist that book.

Can. And that one word, has rais'd more vigor in my active blood,
1855 then ere her beauty flam'd my Appetite to crop the sweets of Love.

Mal. It shall be cool'd with better spels than earst her wanton Magick could e're invent to lay thy burning Ardor.

All. Danes. Parly no more *Canutus*.

Can. O *Cartesmunda* from thy gentle Arms,

1860 I flye to conquer in Wars rough Alarms.

Exeunt.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Canutus and Alured.

Can.

Can. Why do'st not strike? do'st thou not like thy Aym? or do'st not know me? I am the *Danish* King, that which all Souldiers seek in bloody War, may here be got on me, eternal honor and easily too, for
1865 by the powers that made me, my senses are benumbed.

Alur. I dare not, nor will take no such Advantage, though I on thee could vent my roughest spleen; pass safe, my Lord, I will not fight with you for your fair Sisters sake, whose love was to me so high and potent, that it did attract her Virgin-thoughts to dart Loves joyes into me, and for the
1870 zeal due to her Memory, keep what I co'd take from you, Life and Honor.

Can. I prethee take it, Ile yeeld it willingly, and, for I see thou art religious in thy love, let me imbrace thy brest, and of my Love, bright *Cartesmunda* Nun of *Winchester*, Ile tell so sad a Tale.

1875 *Alur.* I cannot stay to hear it, hark great Sir,
Wars Mu sick summos me, for *Elgina's* sake,
I slip the Advantage that Fate bids me take. *Exit.*

Can. O for a Midwife, I am big with grief,
And fain would be delivered, tho with death.

1880 *Alarms. Enter Harold, Osrick, Captains, and Souldiers.*

Har. See where he stands, secure him Souldiers, Never did man so feebly use his sword in such sad times of Terror, O my Lord, can you in all this danger be thus calm?

Os. Though you neglect yourself, yet prize your honor, or if not that, yet
1885 for your subjects sake, be pleas'd to re-assume your wonted valor.

Can. Can he be valiant that's without a heart? or can a senseless Trunck have sense of Loss?

Such have you made me, therefore share the gain,
And to these *English* leave your Lives and Fame.

1890 *All.* There is no way but Flight.

Can. Thank your selves for't; had *Cartesmunda* liv'd, and grac'd mine Attempts, but with a smile; these *English*, would as soon take part with those that from *Olympus* strove to pluck down *Jove*, as look upon *Canutus* sound Retreat, the blood of *Cartesmunda* stirs the gods
1895 for this Revenge; and if this may appease her angry soul, we get by losing it; Do what yee will, for I will never more taste joy on earth; her death makes all things poor.

Omnes. What shall we do?

Har. What else, but fight and dye,
1900 And in our deaths hide all our Infamy.

[]

Alarm. Enter Thornton, Randolph, and the Colliers, they fight and take Canutus prisoner, and drive out the rest. A Florish and a Retreat sounded.

K. Scots. Enter Alured, Donald, Malcolme, Edmond, Thornton, with
1905 prisoners, Grim, and the Colliers, leading Canutus, and Osrick.

K. Thus from the usurped Temples of Canutus, we take the English Crown and plant it here, to whom in right it legally belongs. Princes and Souldiers, now with me proclaim Victorious Alured, Englands Sovereign.

1 10 Omnes. Long live great Alured our lawful King. Florish :

Alur. First to all-helping heaven due thanks we give,
Then next to you, by whom our glories live.

Grim. 'Twas I that took him prisoner, my Lord, the Colliers are the Conquerors.

1915 Alu. We will reward your Valours.

Har. Propose a ransome Royal Alured, to sad Canutus and his Country-men.

Can. Give me no Ransom sir, O let me dyc, in Cartesmunda's death I brake my vow, and for her sake I have neglected all, and willingly have
1920 sought mine own sad ruine ; Ile have no Ransom, Cartesmunda's dead, let me be buried with her, that's all the mercy I now will beg of thee from all thy Conquests.

Alu. No, great Canutus, for I pittie thee, I call to mind thy Royal Sisters love, beauteous Elgina, worthier then thy Nun, whose loving heart
1925 was once unbosom'd here, and for her sake, Ile like a brother use thee, this one condition frees thee ransomless, that you abate the Fealty we paid you, you shall return unto your State in Denmark, and henceforth even as brothers wee will live, exchanging Embassies of Love and Honor. And now to you my worthy Country-men it shall be texted to
1930 your lasting fame, that your Newcastle strength set England free in this dayes fair and happy Victory, for which, and for thy sake (most worthy Thornton) wee'l give a lasting honor to the Town, now beautified by thee with Wals and Towers, to which wee'l add all noble priviledge belonging to a Town Incorporate ; and for your former Government of Poretereans,
1935 we here establish it a Majoralty, and Thornton as the first we here create Mayor of Newcastle, and give thee the power to elect a brotherhood of Aldermen, with choice of Sheriffs to assist thy Government, your Charter shall be drawn with fullest strength,
Even with the fairest Cities of our Land,

1940 This Sword confirms it from King Alureds hand ;

Bear

Bear it before ye still.

Thorn. Your Highness gives us honor 'bove our Merits.

Alur. We have not yet done all, but what we want, wee'l study to requite to thee and them.

1945 *Grim.* Then since your grace is got into the giving Vain, I beseech you sir, Let Corporal *Grim* be bold to put a Colliers request into one of your ears.

Alur. What's that *Grim*?

Grim. Only this sweet King, I that for thy service sake was Corporal,
1950 to be Warden of your Coal-Carriers, to provide Coals, Surreverence, for your Highness own tooth, Ile promise you weight and measure, if none of your Officers do purloyn, and warm their Noses at your fires in their own Chimnies.

Alur. A reasonable Request : Thou art our Coal-carrier.

1955 *Grim.* Nay, Ile carry no Coals neither, I can tell you, and yet I have another Chaldron of curtesies to desire from your kindness, that in remembrance of *Newcastle* Colliers that have fought so bravely, we may from henceforth have the upper shoulder, and the wall of *Croydon* Colliers, and that if ever they be found with a Goose in their sacks, they may
1960 be made to stand a whole Market day in the Bakers Pulpit, because they shewed themselves Cowards to their Country, and durst not fight against the *Danes*, as we have done.

Alur. All this is granted sir.

Grim. Then stand thy ground, old Coal of *Newcastle*, and a fig for
1965 *Croyden*.

Alur. How now, still sad *Canutus*? We now must war with love, to raise this siege, which we will do with Banquets, and with Revels. Great King of *Scotland*, we are yet a debtor to your kind love, which thus we 'gin to pay, all those our Northern borders bounding on *Cumberland*, from
1970 *Tine* to *Tweed*, we add unto your Crown, so 'twas fore-promised, and 'tis now perform'd ; Most fit it is that we be ever lovers ; The Sea that binds us in one Continent,
Doth teach us to imbrace two hearts in one,
To strengthen both 'gainst all invasion.
1975 Look up *Canutus* now all's cleer above,
Let *Cartesmunda* dye in our new love ;
And let swift fame thy former glories ring,
And hide the follies of a *Love-sick King*.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

NOTES.

1. 13. The C of 1 *Captain* is bigger than the C of 2. *Captain*.
1. 52. *Recall your spirits*. For *recall* = call back, cp. l. 235 and
If Henry were *recall'd* to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
I H VI. I, 1. 66.
1. 58. The s of *us* is inverted.
1. 68. *be hurled* = hurl, rush impetuously. v. *N.E.D.* i.v. hurl 2.
1. 70. Notice the contamination of the two constructions: « 'tis for
Englands safety - - that I became », and « Englands safety - -
makes me ».
1. 74. *amazes*, terrifies, alarms. cp. *Julius Caesar* III, 1. 96.
1. 74. Read 'This' for 'His' if the words are considered to be
addressed to the King. If, as I think, they are an aside His has
to be retained.
1. 77. *see* — *to fight*. For infinitive with *to* after *see* cp. *Taming of the
Shrew* I, 1. 179, and Franz, *Shakespeare Grammatik* § 494.
1. 83. There is no period after *Ent* —. *Edel* has only one *l* here.
1. 86. *thorough*. Cp. *Julius Caesar* V, 1. 110. — *guards in*, attends,
escorts into the town. v. *N.E.D.* i.v. guard *i.d.*
1. 88. *to cause on to fight*. I have been unable to find another instance
of this construction.
1. 96. Comma after *Alur* in the original.
1. 108. The semicolon after 'it' is very indistinct; it may be a
comma only.
1. 128. *Harold* is sometimes written with *r* sometimes with *rr* in the
text.
1. 152. *King*. Only the tops of the letters are visible. — There is no
hyphen between *Love* and *sick* at the top of A 3 verso (p. 5).
1. 175. No period after *Abb*.
1. 180. The comma after *lust* is indistinct.
1. 189. *Hofman*. Note the single *f*.
1. 199. *I am taken strangely*, I am strangely affected, captivated,
charmed. Cp. I long To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear *strangely*. *Tempest* V, 313.
1. 214. *I cud*, *icud*, *icod*, *ecod*. Cp. *Englische Studien* XXIV, p. 47 ff.
It is just possible that *I cud* stands for *I could*, and that Canutus
interrupts himself. Cp. *wud* l. 317.
1. 222-223. The C of *Cartes*. and *Canut*. is bigger than elsewhere.
1. 242. *Consume*. Cp. *Much Ado* III, 1. 78.
1. 247. *sudden*, rapid, quick. — May it please my lord To taste a glass
of Greek wine first, and *suddenly* She shall attend my lord. —
A New Way to pay Old Debts. III, 2.

1. 253. *Idea* seems to be used here for « the ideal realized in an individual ». Cp. *N.E.D.* i.v. *idea* 2 † b.
1. 270. Cp. We'll joy in such a son. *Pericles* I, 1. 118.
1. 286. The meaning seems to be : Let not the sun be worshipped more by the Barbarian than we worship her.
1. 302. *Epithite* is in the original.
1. 313. *What makest thou here* ? Cp. I *Honest Whore* I, 1. I'm well — what makes this doctor here ?
1. 318. For *death's ebon dart* cp. *Venus and Adonis*. 948.
1. 328. *Woo't*. Cp. Franz § 20 d.
1. 350. *begirt*. Cp. Then as we are, Souldiers, *begirt* vs round. *Valiant Welshman* III, 3. 55. — *Paradise Lost* V, 868. — The beauteous spirits do *engirt* thee round. *Campion, First Book of Airs*, 20.
1. 362. *give ore*, cease, stop speaking. — I have given over, I'll speak no more. *Henry IV B.* II, 3. 5.
1. 389. The *i* of English is inverted.
1. 400. *resolve*, inform, tell. Cp. But he departed straight, I can *resolve* you. *Epicoene* II, 2. — For I suppose that you can full discourse And flat *resolve* me of the thing I seek. *Arden of Feversham* I, 1. 456.
1. 402. The comma after *murdered* may be a semicolon.
1. 408. There is no period after ' Lady '.
1. 410. To give entertainment to the triumphant Canutus.
1. 416. Read ' their ' for ' his '.
1. 435. *Juggy*. Diminutive of *Jug*, a pet name for Joan ; applied as a common name to a sweetheart or mistress, v. *N.E.D.* i.v. — « Come forward, *Jug* » says the Clown to his sister *Joan* in *Merlin* II, 1.
1. 439. *Catastrophe*, the posteriors. Cp. A plague of this winde ; O, it tickles our *Catastrophe*. *Merry Devil of Edmonton* II, 1. — Ile tickle his *catastrophe* for this. *ibid.* V, 2. Cp. H 4 B II, 1, 66.
1. 442. *Myllan needles*. Besides Milanese needles, Spanish ones are mentioned : Now vse your bodkin, Your *spanish needle*, and your pressing Iron. *Arden of Feversham* I, 1.
fustian, worthless.
1. 443. *Eels-skins*. The *N.E.D.* has : *Merchant of eel-skins* = ? rag and bone collector.
1. 446. In Elizabethan English *horrible* was used adverbially in the sense of ' very, very much ' , much in the same way as ' awfully ' is used in modern slang. Cf. *Horrible* afeard. H IV A II, 4. 402.
1. 462. Cp. ' If it were not for hope the heart would break ' . Bohn's *Handbook of Proverbs*. p. 103.
1. 463. ' I ' no doubt stands for ' it ' , which refers in an indefinite way to fortune or riches.
1. 467. *my mind gives me it*, i.e. suggests it to me. — *My mind gave me* his clothes made a false report of him. *Coriol.* IV, 5. 157. *Eastward Hoe* III, 3. *Knight of the Burning Pestle, Induction*.
1. 471-2. There is no hyphen between *Love* and *sick* of the headline.
1. 474. *she would have chaulked me*, written up my score in chalk.
1. 480. The comma after *Sir* is in the original.

1. 481. *fall down*, to descend or drop down a river etc. *N.E.D.*
1. 489. Perhaps we ought to read : at this *game* of hazard youle set so great a *stake*.
1. 512-3. See introduction.
1. 514. *foot*. For *foot*, *cudsfoot*, *udsfoot*, *'sfoot*/and similar oaths *v. Englische Studien* XXIV. p. 31 ff.
1. 530. *Cullisance* = cognizance.
1. 534. The comma after *Wife* is in the original.
1. 534-5. For the religious drama performed at Newcastle-on-Tyne see Ward, *English Dramatic Literature* I 55, 70, 91. — Cp. Introduction.
1. 539. This song also occurs in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* III, 5.
 I come not hither for thee to teach,
 I have no pulpit for thee to preach,
 I would thou hadst kissed me under the breech,
 As thou art a lady gay. (*Mermaid Series*).
1. 543. The comma after *Wife* is in the original. — *Marry come up* implies indignation. Cp. *Englische Studien*, XXIV, 205.
1. 548. *I shall love Mondays vein to poetize*. See Introduction.
1. 571. The mark of exclamation is broken.
1. 582. *Entertainment*, « the action of maintaining persons in one's service or of taking persons into service ». *N.E.D.*
1. 602. *put off*, get rid of. — I cannot *put off* my opinion so easily. *Merry Wives* II, 1. 243. — There is no period after *George*.
1. 603. *out-cry*, auction ; *v. N.E.D.* and *Dialect Dictionary*.
1. 603. There is no period after *George*.
1. 606. *Marry Muff*, an oath. Cp. *Mary muff*, sir, are you grown so dainty? Fielding, *Joseph Andrews* II, 1. — Mrs. Goodgift takes the word in the sense of a lady's muff. — Cp. *Englische Studien* XXIV, 205, and l. 543.
1. 610. *It has been lain dead*, contamination of « has lain » and « has been lying ». *To lie dead* is still the usual phrase for « to be unsaleable ».
1. 615. *motion*, intention. Cp. Your suit is granted, And you loved for the *motion*. *A new Way to pay Old Debts*, V.
1. 648. *goose*, a tailor's iron. Cp. *Macbeth*, II, 3. 17.
1. 651. A small spot over the comma behind *Lyn* makes it look like a semicolon.
1. 658. *How is't*? cp. l. 978 : *how is't with you Sir*?
1. 665. *amongst*, together, among something else. *N.E.D.* i.v. *among*, B 3. — The colon is not very distinct and may very well be a broken mark of interrogation. There is room enough for a word of two letters to have fallen out after *amongst*. *Us* would give a very good sense.
1. 665. *sellerage*. Cp. Hamlet I, 5. 151.
1. 673. *best liking*. Cp. But now, if your *good liking* stand thereto, Ile craue your pardon to goe seeke the Prince. *Spanish Tragedy* I, 4.
1. 677. *make legs*, curtsy. Cp. Why, you slaves, Created only to *make legs*, and cringe. *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, I, 3.

1. 680. *hole*, a dungeon or prison-cell. v. *N.E.D.* — Cp. The Knight will i' the Knights Ward — ; and Maister Quicksilver would be i' the *Hole*. *Eastward Hoe* V, 2.
1. 690. *brave* for *bravely* = very. Cp. *bravely*³ in *N.E.D.*, especially the last quotation.
1. 722. *my faith is past*. Cp. I have passed my word and promise to the emperor. *Titus Andron.* I, 468.
1. 736. *president*. For the spelling cp. As if we were in our *president* way. *Faire Em.* I, 2.
1. 743. *shrewdly*, very much, in a high degree. Cp. My fame is *shrewdly* gored. *Troilus* III, 3, 228.
1. 751. The period after the catchword *Alu* is indistinct.
1. 778. The character after *thee* is indistinct ; it may be a semi-colon.
1. 786. It is rather difficult to decide whether the E of English is italic or roman.
1. 794. *my best of speeh*. Cp. My best of wit, be ready. I *Honest Whore* III, 1.
1. 808. The comma behind ' laugh'd ' is in the text.
1. 826. The pause after *her* may be a comma but I believe it is a smudged period.
1. 853. *it self*. The space between the two words is very small.
1. 854. There is no period at the end of this line.
1. 864. *Freezland*, no doubt so spelt to suggest derivation from « freeze ».
1. 890. *doat of* is rare ; Shakespeare has only *doat (dote) on*.
1. 891. *lust* in this sense is not registered in the *N.E.D.* It seems to mean to enjoy. There is one example of *to lust* in the sense of desire in Murray.
1. 927. *Remove out of mine eye*. Cp. He hence *removed* last night. *All's Well* V, I, 23.
1. 951, 2. The hyphen after *Wor* and the *k* of *black* are smudged.
1. 952. *Benefactor*. Grim means *factor*.
1. 963. For *Grim of Croydon* v. Introduction.
1. 971. *insist upon thy care*, persist in thy good cares.
1. 998. This is probably the oldest instance of *damp* in the sense of *choke-damp*. The earliest quotation in the *N.E.D.* belongs to 1626.
1. 1008. Note the transition from *thy* to *your*.
1. 1010. *but to the wealth and greatness you expect, I yet hear nothing*. For *to* = *as to* cp. Once more to this Captain Dumain : you have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour : what is his honesty ? *All's well that ends Well* IV, 3, 277.
1. 1038. This is a line from a popular song, which I quote from Chappell with his annotations (*Old English Popular Music*, 1893, I 140) :

« Martin said to his Man ».

Freemen's Songs to Three Voices, Deuteromelia, 1609. *The Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*.

Martin said to his man,
 Fie, man, fie :
 O Martin said to his man,
 Who's the foole now ?
 Martin said to his man,
 Fill thou the cup and I the can :
 Thou hast well drunken man,
 Who's the foole now ?

—
 I see a man in the Moone,
 Fie, man, fie :
 I see a man in the moone,
 Who's the foole now ?
 I see a man in the moone,
 Clowting of St. *Peter's* shoone,
 Thou hast well, &c.

—
 I see a hare chase a hound,
 Fie, man, fie :
 I see a hare chase a hound,
 Who's the foole now ?
 I see a hare chase a hound,
 Twenty mile above the ground,
 Thou hast well, &c.

—
 I see a goose ring a hog,
 Fie, man, fie :
 I see a goose ring a hog,
 Who's the foole now ?
 I see a goose ring a hog,
 And a snayle that did bite a dog,
 Thou hast well, &c.

—
 I see a mouse catch the cat,
 Fie, man, fie :
 I see a mouse catch the cat,
 Who's the foole now ?
 I see a mouse catch the cat,
 And the cheese to eate the rat,
 Thou hast well, &c.

This song, which is thought to be a satire upon the relaters of marvellous tales, was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company as a ballad in 1588, when Thomas Orwyn had a licence to print it. It is alluded to in Dekker's comedy, *Old Fortunatus*, and in Dryden's *Sir Martin Mar-all, or the Feign'd Innocence*, 1668, Act. IV. »

The reference to *Old Fortunatus* is to IV, 1. (or l. 2025 in Scherer's edition from which I quote) :

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, laugh, laugh in scorne,
 Who's ye foole ? the foole, he wears a horne.

The passage in Dryden is :

Sir Martin. I tell thee Man I did it, and it was done by the Help of no Devil, but this Familiar of my own Brain; how long would it have been ere thou could'st have thought of such a Project? *Martin* said to his Man *Who's the Fool now?* — *Warner*. Who's the Fool? why, who uses to be the Fool? he that ever was since I knew him, and ever will be so!

1. 1048. *a purpose*, of purpose. Cp. This is *of purpose* laid by some that hate me to quench mine honour. *Henry VIII.* V, 2. 14.
1. 1050. Cp. l. 610.
1. 1076. The comma behind *yfaith* is in the original.
1. 1149. thou'lt is in the original.
1. 1150. In both copies the catchword is cut away. In the British Museum copy there is a remnant of the *d* of *ward*.
1. 1166. *Erra-pater*. An 'almanac' or 'prognostication', known as *Erra Pater's Prognostication*, first printed by R. Bankes. Bankes printed from 1523-1546. See note to l. 92 of Bang's edition of *The Queen or the Excellency of her Sex* (Materialien XIII.) Cf. Max Förster, *Die Kleinliteratur des Aberglaubens im Altenglischen*, Archiv CX, p. 349. Also *Hudibras* I, 1. 129.
1. 1172. *now*, but now. Cp. I that now Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg Of my lord general. *Coriolanus* I, 9. 79.
1. 1173. The comma after *Smith* is in the original.
1. 1204. The point of interrogation after *looks* is indistinct; it may very well be an inverted semicolon.
1. 1236. *seek you forth*, seek you out. Cp. *N.E.D.* *forth* 8.
1. 1255. *when* denotes impatience. — No more, I say : to the tortures, *when!* *Spanish Tragedy* III, 1. 47. — Sirrah, bid my wife come to me : why, *when?* II *Honest Whore* II, 2.
1. 1272. *that bears so high a stroak*, that is so high-handed. — Muret-Sanders i.v. *stroke* 17 has : Kraft, Wirkung, Gewalt, Vermögen : *he has a great stroke* er vermag viel.
1. 1281. *Tipes of dignity*, signs, badges of dignity. — Thy father bears the *type* of king of Naples. 3 *Henry VI.* I, 4. 121.
1. 1311. The *t* of *to* is almost illegible.
1. 1330. *You*. Read *your*.
1. 1359. *Canu't*. Cp. Van Dam and Stoffel, *William Shakespeare, Prosody and Text*, p. 114 ff.
1. 1367. *Infinites*. For this plural use v. *N.E.D.* i.v. *infinite* C. 2.
1. 1382. *wealthest* is in the original.
1. 1393. The pause after wife may be a colon.
1. 1416. *cast*, device, trick; or it may mean 'throw (of dice)', here of course used figuratively. For the former sense cp. But hear, Master King, by your leave, a *cast*. Now you have done with them, I pray you, begin with me. *Mucedorus* V (*A* text). For the latter : But, above all, protest in your play, and affirm, Upon your credit, As you are a true gentleman, *at every cast*. *Every Man out of his Humour* I, 1.
1. 1418. *cleerly*, net. v. *N.E.D.*

1. 1426. The comma after *all* is very indistinct. The copy in the British Museum has a distinct (,).
1. 1436. *fury* I take to be a misprint for *fiery*.
1. 1470. *compass*, moderation. Cp. *N.E.D.* and *Dialect Dictionary*.
1. 1501. The comma after *wrong* is very indistinct.
1. 1505. There is a smudge behind *Enter* looking like a period. The British Museum copy, however, has no stop.
1. 1521. *Excursions*, sallies, sorties.
1. 1532. *banded*, banded together, leagued. v. *N.E.D.*
1. 1538. *partner* appears to be used in the wider sense of associate, colleague. Cp. *N.E.D.* i.v. *partner* 2.
1. 1561. *wise*, guise, appearance, dress.
1. 1577. *Tartarians*. Two words are here mixed up by Grim : 1. *Tartarean* pertaining to Tartarus ; 2. *Tartarean* pertaining to Tartary. — There's not a *Tartarian* nor a Carrier, shall breath upon your geldings. *Merry Devil* I, 1. 10. — No mouse ; that was a *Tartarian*. *Knight of the Burning Pestle* II, 8.
Fellowers may of course be a misprint for followers but this is unlikely, considering the correctness of the text. *Fellow* is a very rare word of which the *N.E.D.* gives only one example.
1. 1586. *repair'st* for *repair'd*.
1. 1617. *cut and long tail*. Literally : horses or dogs with cut tails and with long tails ; hence figuratively : all sorts of people ; riff-raff. (*N.E.D.*) — Cp. Love and money sweepes all before them, be they *cut or longtaylor*. *The Queen, or the Excellency of her Sex*, 2985. (Materialien XIII).
1. 1631. *indubitate*, indubitable, undoubted. Cf. *Love's Labour Lost* IV, 1. 67.
11. 1639-41. The meaning of these lines seems to be : « The shame which attaches to our country in consequence of these Danish wars is balanced by your good deeds ».
1. 1644. *singular*, unequalled. — Each your doing, so *singular* in each particular, Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds, That all your acts are queens. *Winter's Tale* IV, 4. 144.
1. 1647. *forrage* has here the secondary sense of *raid*.
1. 1680. *Phlegitan*, *Acaron*. Grim means *Pyriphlegeton*, *Acheron*.
1. 1686. *Neighborhood*, neighbourly kindness.
to heat our buildings. House heating or house-warming is « the action of celebrating the entrance into the occupation of a new house or home with a feast or entertainment ». v. Captain Marryatt, *Olla Podrida*, *Modern-built Townhouses*. For house-heating the *N.E.D.* gives examples from 19 century literature only.
1. 1697. *defame*, infamy. Cp. *Lucrece* 768.
1. 1699. *to sooth him in this sin*, to humour. Cp. Is't good *to soothe* him in these contraries ? *Com. of Err.* IV, 4. 82.
1. 1700. The period after *him* looks like a comma.
1. 1710. The comma after *best* is very indistinct.
1. 1716. One would expect the parentheses to enclose *from or to Flames*. The period after *Flames* may be a comma.

1. 1737. The stop after *Hul* may be a colon.
1. 1745. *have*, as if the subject were « The King of Scots and the English forces ».
11. 1752-53. In scanning these lines read *spir't* for *spirit*.
11. 1752-54. Read as follows :
 Let's arm / our selves / for shame / Trayt'th'hast / deserved
 Death ere / thou dyest / and this / thy proud / presume.
 For reasons and analogues cp. the chapters on prosody in van Dam and Stoffel, *W. Shakespeare*.
1. 1755. *presume*, presumption. I cannot find another instance of this word.
1. 1778. In scanning read 'arm'. Cp. van Dam and Stoffel, p. 93 ff.
1. 1779. *bear*, carry, win. — His word might *bear* my wealth at any time. *Com. of Errors* V, 8. Cp. 'to conquer the field'.
11. 1782-85. Read *nation* as a trissyllabic, *Canutus* as a dissyllabic word (*Canute*) :
 Canutus / traytor / as thou / art great / be just.
 Or read : th' art ?
11. 1786-89. Read : Ile force / this paint / ed whore / help me / Canute
 What can / you cry / wer't thou / Joves myn / ion
 Slave thou / thus had'st / dy'd I / will meet / it thus.
1. 1786. The semicolon is in the text.
1. 1790. There is no period at the end of the line.
1. 1791. The stage direction is not particularly clear. Cp. l. 1819.
 Evidently Cartesmunda runs upon Canutus' sword, after Huldric has caught her in his arms.
1. 1801. In order to scan the line we must substitute *on* or '*pon* for *upon* ; that bro / ken with / my wish / is faln / on me.
1. 1803. *fail'd* = broke. Now obsolete ; the last example in *N.E.D.* is from Cowper's *Tirocinium*.
1. 1812-1819. I suppose that in l. 1814 something has dropped out. — *all* in l. 1814 may be wrong for *at*, the substitution of which would make the line intelligible. — For *Inhabitants* read *habitants* (v. *N.E.D.*). — *Together* should be read as a dissyllabic word (v. van Dam and Stoffel).
 Ha, sit you weeping there ;
 Or has Amazement turn'd you into stone,
 That like men gasping at Medusa stand,
 To see my Love thus fall by mine own hand :
 Our self will instantly be in the Field,
 And scourge the *English* pride and *Habitants*.
 Sound up our Drum, and call our Troops together,
 And arm with speed, Ile to the Field, and fight ;
 Farewel dear Love, whom I of life bereft,
 For which unwilling Act, O pardon me.
1. 1828. The form *Kill* is caused by senses.
1. 1858. *parly* = speak, talk. — I renounce your defiance, if you *parle* so roughly: *Merry Devil* v, 2.
1. 1861. The periods after *Alarm* and *Excursions* are indistinct and

may be commas.

1. **1894.** There should be a full stop after sound.
1. **1000.** The signature is wanting in both copies.
1. **1020.** *to you it shall be texted.* to text = to write, to put up in writing.
Cp. O then, how high shall this great Troy *text up* the memory
Of you her noble prætor ! Dekker, *London's Tempe*.
1. **1033.** There seems to be a comma after Towers.
1. **1034.** *Poretercans* = proletarians ; no doubt a printer's error.
1. **1050.** *Surreverence* = *Sir reverence*. Cp. A very reverent body, ay such a one as a man may not speak of without he say *Sir reverence*. *Com. of Errors* III, 2. 93. — The nice fondling, my lady *sir reverence*, that I must not now presume to call daughter. *Eastward Hoe* II, 1. — *Mildred*. O, good sister ! *Ger.* Sister, *Sir Reverence*. *ibid.* IV, 2. — It is evident from these examples that the expression lost its original meaning and could be applied even to women.
1. **1051.** *for your Highness own tooth* ; *tooth* = relish, palate, taste. Cp. *Chart.* He's an excellent musician himself, you must note that. *May*. And having met one fit *for his own tooth*, you see, he skips from us. Dekker and Webster, *Northward Ho*, IV. 4.
1. **1060.** *the Bakers Pulpit* = the pillory. Cp. the following quotations from *N.E.D.* where, however, *baker's pulpit* is not mentioned. A Pillorie, for the punishment of Bakers, offending in the assise of bread. *Stow, Survey*. — I feare we parte not ye'et, Quoth the baker to the pylorie. J. Heywood, *Proverbs & Epigrams*, 47 (1867).

INDEX.

a purpose 1048.

Acaron 1680.

amaze 74.

amongst 665.

bakers pulpit 1960.

bandied 1532.

bear 1779.

begirt 350.

benefactor 952.

best. my — of speech 794.

brave 690.

cast 1416.

catastrophe 439.

cause on 88.

chaulk 474.

cleerly 1418.

compass 1470

consume 242.

cullisance 530.

cut and long tail 1617.

damp 998.

defame 1697.

doat of 890.

ebon. death's — dart 318.

eels-skins 443.

entertainment 582.

Erra-pater 1166.

excursions 1521.

faith. my — is past 722.

fall down 481.

fayl'd 1803.

followers 1577.

foot 514.

forrage 1647.

Freezland 864.

fury 1435.

fustian 442.

give ore 362.

goose 648.

heat our buildings' 1686.

hole 680.

horrible 446.

how is't 658.

hurl 68.

I come not hither for thee to

teach 539.

icud 214.

idea 253.

if it were not for hope the heart

would break 462.

indubitate 1631.

infinite 1367.

insist upon 971.

joy 279.

juggy 435.

lain. has been — 610.

legs. make — 677.

liking. best — 673.

lust 891.

make 313.

Marry come up 543.

Marry muff 606.

mind. my — gives me it 467.

motion 615.

needles. Myllan — 442.

neighborhood 1686.

now 1172.

outcry 603.

parly 1858.

partner 1538.

Phlegitan 1680.

poretereans 1934.
president 736.
presume 1755.
put off 602.

recall 52.
remove 927.
resolve 400.

see 77.
seek forth 1236.
sellerage 665.
shrewdly 743.
singular 1644.
sooth 1699.
stroak. bear a high — 1272.

sudden 247.
Surreverence 1950.

taken strangely 199.
Tartarian 1577.
text 1929.
thorough 86.
thy 1008.
tipe 1281.
to 1010.
tooth 1951.

when 1255.
Who's the fool now 1038.
wise 1561.
woo't 328.

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